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THE THRONE OF DEATH.

A Story of the President's Assassination---The Dupe of Designing Demons---Power of Anarchy's High Priestess.

By MARO O. ROLFE.

Author of "A Man Without a Soul," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

"I AM NEIMAN."

"At once! She says, 'at once.' I must away. But I fear her influence. She frightens me while she binds me to her as with a chain of iron."

The speaker was a young man, evidently of the laboring class, yet neat of apparel and outspokenly unpleasant appearing. He was of medium size, lithe, graceful of movement, blue-eyed, with long, wavy, light hair that clung over his brow and swept his coat collar.

In his hand he held a note which he had just read, and which he now folded quickly and thrust into its envelope, which he put carefully away in an inside pocket.

"There is no written reply," he said to the boy who had brought the note. "It isn't likely you'll see the lady before I do, but if you do just say that I will be with her immediately. Go now. But, wait. Did you hear what I said to myself when I read the message?"

"I heard nothing," replied the boy. "If it's going to the lady at once I shan't go back there. You go—my mother's orders, sir."

"You've been going back to her, eh? That would be well for me if you did hear. Take your money."

The young man paid the boy, and in a moment was alone in the small, half-furnished room he occupied in a little hotel in a side street in Cleveland.

"I was afraid I had said too much," he muttered. "I wouldn't want her to know how much I admire her and fear her. My views of everything have changed since I knew her influence. At times I almost fear for myself. What terrible things I may be led to do I shudder even to surmise. Yet she has never said to me in so many words that she wants me to do this or that. But her look her voice, her very presence is an awful inspiration. She has made me love her, and she has made me hate all else. Even now I can hear her say 'come' and I could not remain away from her if I would."

He threw several books that lay on the bed into a trunk and locked the trunk and put the key in his purse.

"Ah," he thought, "I wouldn't want to talk about those books or explain my liking for them to some people who might see them here, and who knows who might drop in during my absence? This house is a little too sociable for my liking. The servants are too familiar, the guests are too free, the landlord is too inquisitive, and that new clerk. Well, his interest in my affairs is almost insufferable. His ways remind me of something I have read about detectives. Hah! I fear I am growing nervous. No one suspects my design—no one knows how easily I am going to get plenty of money, more money than I could earn in the shop in all my life."

He stepped out into the hall and as he locked the door after him and put the key carefully in his pocket he heard a voice close behind him saying:

"Going out again, Mr. Neiman? This makes twice this afternoon and you usually stay in pretty closely. You're such a devoted reader, Mr. Neiman."

"It is Yorston, the new clerk," thought the young man. "He is always popping up before me like a monkey out of a box. Just now his appearance is particularly disagreeable to me. I will shake him as politely as I can, but I will shake him. Yes, Mr. Yorston," he said. "I am something of a reader, but I have other matters of interest to attend to today. I must be going now or I shall be late."

"Don't let me detain you," answered the clerk, a man about thirty years old who had searching eyes and a foxy face. "I have no particular business with you now—just off my watch, you see, and came up to have a talk with you. I'm somewhat of a reader myself. A man can't be too careful as to what kind of people he associates with and he should be equally careful as to the character of the books he reads."

As Yorston spoke, he appeared to Neiman to be looking into the latter's very thoughts. Neiman stepped back a pace and, thinking of the books that he had hidden in the trunk, said shortly:

"That's all true, I suppose." At any rate, while every man should give his time to studying in what way he may benefit the world, many read the most frivolous books for mere passing gratification. Many who would seek agreeable companions have forced upon them the society of disagreeable ones. Good that we may really choose our books."

"In a way," returned Yorston, dryly, "we may have had books forced on us, too, Mr. Neiman. Well, I'll not detain you longer. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Neiman, and he walked away, thinking: "Yorston is a fool. He is not to be feared. He is a mere tool. He is not to be feared. He is a mere tool. He is not to be feared. He is a mere t

A GENEROUS OFFER

George B. Wright Discovers a Cure for Lost Manhood and Sends It Free to Every Sufferer Who Will Write for It.

Gratitude is one of the noblest impulses of the human heart, and in few instances has this fine quality been so conspicuously exemplified as in the case of George B. Wright of Marshall, .

Mr. Wright is a merchant and well known citizen of Marshall, Mich., who was permanently cured of lost manhood and nervous debility after declining health for years. He now devotes his life to helping other men who suffer as he once suffered. Mr. Wright offers to send the medical prescription that effected a cure in his case to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who is suffering today as he suffered. All who will drop him a letter asking for a copy of the prescription will receive it by return mail free of charge.

The following editorial by A. N. Talby, M. D., regarding Mr. Wright's prescription for lost manhood appeared in a recent issue of the United States Health Reports, published at Washington, D. C.:

We, as the highest American authority on all matters of health, are constantly receiving requests for reliable, free letters of inquiry about a suitable cure for lost strength in men.

Therefore we have ordered an investigation to be made into the merits of a prescription for lost manhood, and many remarkable cures on the part of such men have come to light in the town of Marshall. Therefore when we came upon the prescription of George B. Wright, a leading druggist of Marshall, Mich., we instituted a most thorough inquiry into the matter and found that its wonderful efficacy depended upon its being combined with one of the greatest nerve vitalizers ever known to exhibit the proper chemical action and reaction in the human system, and which should accompany it when all certain such and many ingredient cannot be the prescription, therefore, is a safe, quick, positive and worthy cure.

We have tested and examined everything called for in the prescription, and find that every ingredient is entirely wonderful and its nerve tonic properties easily surpassed all ordinary remedies for debility.

Among the benefactors of the race may be mentioned the name of George B. Wright, who has let go this great discovery free to all who write to him for it.

"I want to take away from life its load, its sting and its sadness for all who suffer as I suffered," he says, "and this one condition is all I care to demand, and a new process of diffusion will make this possible.

Therefore, upon the highly honorable report of the Government chemist, we feel safe in saying that any sufferer can feel confident in writing to George B. Wright of Marshall, Mich., for the prescription that has restored so many broken health reports.

As certain as a wound leaves a scar, and as sure as effect follows cause, so must men live to repent their follies and indiscretions in weakness and suffering. The tortured self-lover may bear up, agonize, master and writhe upon his face to betray his lost manhood. He goes to the physician, the quack and he never tells of his suffering for fear of shame. Such a mental anguish of mind drives to the verge of desperation, and he is ready to throw those valuables in human life—quack doctors—who hold out alluring hopes of cure only to disappoint, and after robbing him of his purse, abandon him to his absolute despair.

No one can appreciate the horrors of lost manhood except he who has suffered them. No one can help such a sufferer except he who knows a cure and has himself been restored to full manhood. A notable cure of lost manhood is the positive case now reflected in the person of George B. Wright, a prosperous druggist and well known citizen of Marshall, Mich. Mr. Wright for years suffered the agony of lost manhood. He saw his physical power go from him as the result of insidious disease, until he was reduced to a condition of senility, and the best doctors in the country gave him up to die.

Like many others, he tried the various remedies offered by specialists for the treatment of weaknesses peculiar to men, and most of which are nothing more than a little steady income for the doctors and his self.

He asserts that his ten years suffering, both mentally and physically, was turned to unbounded joy by an almost accidental discovery, the combination of medicines that literally made him young again. It is the prescription of this discovery, and the combination lends him to offer free to any man, young or old, who feels that he is approaching the verge of senilities has left him and needs something that will help him up and over, also him to be prepared for any undertaking which may present itself.

There is no question but what in his individual case the results were just as described, and it seems reasonable to think that any man who believes himself to be weak may profit by accepting this free offer of prescription. Many people wonder how he can afford to send this prescription free, but it costs him little to do so, and he feels a philanthropic interest in giving weak men an opportunity to cure themselves.

A request to G. B. Wright, music dealer, Box 76, Marshall, Mich., for the free prescription, will be promptly and privately complied with by return mail. He is not desirous of having any one write him, nothing whatever to sell. His only desire is to help his fellow men.

Thoughtful.

"Say, boss," he began, "it don't want no money. I only want to get pas me inter dat lunch joint and buy me a square meal."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the philanthropist. "I can't do that, but the next man you ask may, so here's a pepsin tablet in case you overeat yourself."

A Commercial View of It.

"You seem to hold my kisses very cheap," pouted the pretty maiden.

"Why not?" remarked the airy young broker. "Sugar is away down again, you know."

The Throne of Death.

(Continued.)

novice, you were received into the communion of our people. You have been studious; you have been discreet and you have been proven to be brave."

"I have been proven to be brave? I do not quite understand you."

"There are many things one does not need to understand; many things the understanding of which would be a good for one," the woman said, slowly, and in a well-modulated voice of strange and thrilling quality. "Seek not to know too many details. Results are what we strive for—results are what the world is waiting for. You, Neiman, have been chosen as an instrument in the hands of fate to bring about results of the greatest import to America—of the greatest import to humanity. I am ready, Neiman."

When she pronounced the name he claimed her voice seemed to him to caress him.

"I trust so. I have read and thought, I have studied by night and by day and have spoken when I have had opportunity to address the people, but I have never yet declared my belief that, governmentally, all things are wrong and that eventually every man that walks on the earth must become a law unto himself. I have never thought the hour and the opportunity propitious for such a declaration."

"But you believe it to be, Neiman, if the time should be ripe for it?"

"I do."

"And there are many ways of making such a declaration. There is a way to impress its truth upon all the world at once," she went on, "so it might speak to a hundred, you might write a thousand words for a million, and in another way you might make yourself heard by millions, and by all of earth by a simple movement of a finger—a pushing with the tip of a finger that you could accomplish in a hundredth part of a second."

"You mean by telegraphy?"

"Not exactly."

"Explain, my sweet mother, if there be."

"No; but you shall know Arnstein."

"Arnstein?"

"Yes; surely you know who Arnstein is." "He is the ruler of all our cult. He sits on the Throne of Death."

"Oh—"

The woman put an arm round Neiman's neck and drawing his head toward her, kissed him full on the lips passionately.

"I do that," she said, "as a gentle reminder that, for the present, you are to be my words. Beyond that the meaning of what I have done cannot be put in words. It will be clear to you when the time comes. Think about by conventionalities, nor are you. If want you to love me, Neiman, if you do not object? Who is there that controls either of us?"

"True," he said, seriously. Then he laughed. "But I am not likely to object."

"Then, changing the subject abruptly, briefly: "And I am more glad than I can tell you that I am to be your mentor."

He looked long and ardently into the darkly beautiful face of the high priestess of Anarchy, as this woman Anna Silverman, who was to be his mentor was in dangerous boldness and she knew that she could lead him to the end of the earth and he would follow unbidden.

"Soon you are to see him. You are to go to Washington. Arnstein is here to see Arnstein and what he suggests you are to do. Arnstein is the only one my regard."

"As you say, so be it," he said, earnestly. "I want to prove to you that I am worthy of your approbation."

"Neiman, I know that already."

"Thanks—and. And when am I to go to Washington?"

"Shortly."

"So soon?"

"Yes."

He bowed.

"I will leave on the midnight train," she went on. "You may get everything in readiness. Have you money?"

"Not a dollar," he replied.

"Good. Arnstein will give you more. It is in my wish that you should appeared in the work I depend on you to do by and by. Governments make money. Governments make money, and you may unmake a great government."

He looked wonderingly into the depths of the woman's dark eyes.

"You mean—" he began.

He was silent. The rose and bending over him hid the face in her two hands and kissed it.

"You, Neiman, you," she repeated. "Arnstein may send you to the ends of earth on destruction, but I shall watch over you, shall be with you, and I am the greatest in the world; for my sake and humanity's sake you will surround yourself on the Throne of Death."

He uttered a sharp exclamation.

"You cannot trust me? Have you must obey the behests of Arnstein, for they will be for the good of the cause, and doubt think of me. For my sake you will follow Arnstein, and for my sake, our cause shall prevail in America. For me the glory will be yours, the plaudits of a people, and you shall sit on the Throne of Death."

He uttered a sharp exclamation.

"I am not afraid!" Neiman struggled to his feet and confronted Anna Silverman wonderingly. "I am not afraid," he repeated, thought we were aiming at the destruction of all rule and of all law."

"True. That is our first step. But, humanity has been so long that if we do not ourselves rule and with an iron hand, new rulers will assert themselves and the present order of things will be repeated. The people of all the world will be grateful to us for having given them freedom, they will look to us for guidance and we will have only to accept their homage and issue our edicts. They have for so many generations bowed to human authority that we will have only to command to be obeyed. They will recognize the right of the man on the Throne of Death to rule the whole world, and you, Neiman, you are to set on the Throne of Death."

"And Arnstein?"

"His time is almost come. He knows it well. He is old and must expect to live to witness the establishment of the new order of things. He will come from afar to meet you in Washington and to direct you in the work you are to do. After that is done he will go to rest and you will remain he will pass away. By that time all our plans must be made and put in execution. You must be ready for your new and great responsibility."

"I can hardly comprehend all you say. It seems incredible—impossible."

"And yet it is," she said, impatiently on his shoulder.

"I do not need to. All your life the morrow has been a sealed book to you, but you have been equal to its every emergency and have met the responsibilities it has brought you. It will be the same in this case. You will be given less a chance to learn your lessons and do you allotted tasks. You will prove yourself equal to all. You do the bidding of fate and of your conscience and when you ascend upon the Throne of Death you will see the world humble itself before you."

She spoke rapidly and distinctly and her every word fell on his understanding with a startling vividness.

"And now you must go," she added. "Think only of what you have learned this day and you will so shape your course that you will strengthen yourself for the duties of tomorrow, and every today and every tomorrow will be the same. Carry out the wishes of Arnstein, who will come to you as the wishes of her who is his High Priestess and soon will be yours. Another kiss of encouragement, Neiman, and then farewell and may the powers of fate attend you and you."

She gazed long and earnestly into his face.

"And you will come back to me?" she asked, as if under the stress of sudden weakness for the safety of a loved one going on a perilous mission. "You have to do that?"

"Certainly. You say I am to succeed. If so, what can keep me from you?"

As he spoke these words there was a knock at the door of the room.

She pushed him from her, let her hands fall, and in a voice of command, said:

"Come in."

The door opened and the woman who had admitted Neiman to the house came into the room. Advancing to the side of Miss Silverman, she handed her a telegram which were invisible to Neiman.

"It has been unexpected," said the High Priestess of Anarchy. "We must not keep Mr. Neiman. Show him out by the rear way."

Looking back over his shoulder at Miss Silverman, who still stood where she was, after him, Neiman followed the other woman from the room.

Soon he was in a rear passage that opened on an alley-way. He paused and stood in a half an hour was again in his room at home. He had lost no time in making ready for his journey, and had told the cab which descended to the office, expecting there to wait five minutes, and then left the house. The room should be opened for supper. Scarcely had the cab driven away when a boy from the clerk, who was again on duty, called him. "Some one to see you, Mr. Neiman."

Neiman, with a heart that beat advanced toward him. Neiman saw that he was a messenger boy. He took a card and sat under his assumed appearance.

"I am Gen. Edward Ziggler," he said, simply, "and you are Mr. Neiman?"

Neiman bowed.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Read that. Not now, but at your leisure, when you will. Then you will understand it and say purpose."

The stranger handed Neiman a sealed envelope, which the latter accepted with a bow and put away carefully in an inner pocket, thinking that he could open it and read its contents on the train. Then the stranger turned and left the room, with two words of polite farewell left the hotel.

"And, now, Mr. Neiman," the clerk spoke again, "is a telegram for you."

"This is a busy afternoon," he said.

"In Washington, inquire at Ebbitt House for Emil Andreas."

"From Arnstein," he thought.

CHAPTER IV.
THE THRONE OF DEATH.

"You may be subjected to peculiar temptations at the National capital, Mr. Neiman," said Yorston, as the young man took his hotel bill and was about to depart; "that is one reason why I am sending you. Many a man has gone there only to be drawn into alliances that have cost him heavily. Beware and good-by. I may be in Washington myself after awhile, and if I am I will look you up."

"Do so," was Neiman's dry reply, "and thank you for your advice."

"It has cost you nothing," replied Yorston, "and it may serve you well if you heed it. Good-by."

On the train, Neiman read and reread the the letter that had been given him at the hotel by the young woman. She had called himself Eugene Zipple and there were reasons why its contents filled him with amazement. Zipple boldly proclaimed that he wanted to do active work, and as anarchist and sought Neiman's advice and assistance. He avowed his willingness to undertake any task, however difficult, and asserted that he was willing to die for "the cause" if that should be necessary.

"But how does he know that I am an an——" Why does he come to me with such a burden on his mind? That fellow may be a spy. I will be wary—he shall not catch me napping."

At the Ebbitt House, where he asked for Emil Andreas, as he had been instructed to do by wire, he was handed a telegram which had been received at the hotel two hours before. He tore it open with feverish haste and saw that it was from Cleveland and was signed: "A. S."

"A. S. stands for Anna Silverman," he thought. Then he read:

"Eugene Zipple is an enthusiast and can be made useful. Shadow him. Encourage you. Bear that in mind and you may sooner or later see a way to profit by the audience. Destroy this."

He read the message a second time, then tore it up and threw the pieces of it in a cuspidor. As he turned around he felt a heavy hand on the shoulder and was confronted by an aged man of striking appearance, with a long white beard on his chin, a sharp and hooked nose whose hump held in place a pair of round-rimmed spectacles which glasses were of the light of the rays of the chandelier above the register on the office counter. A fashionably dressed old man, who said in very good English, but with a slight foreign accent:

"You seek Emil Andreas, I am he."

He drew Neiman's hand cordially, and noting the young man's evident embarrassment, said, kindly:

"Come, Andreas. Come with me. You shall have some refreshments, then we will talk."

The old man led the way to a restaurant and ordered a meal to his own and Neiman's satisfaction, for he was hungry, Neiman was eating the best meal that ever had been served to him in his life. He soon learned that he was only a workingman and not a workingman's leader, as he supposed, his companion entertained him as no man ever had before, and from him he learned more that was full of information and instruction but not a word did he speak that had to do with his visit.

When they had gone upstairs to a large and comfortable sitting-room the old man locked the door behind them carefully and then, with a relaxed countenance and pressed it firmly.

"Welcome," he said, suavely. "You know that the anarchists are poor, and wonder that I live so well. I don't mind telling you, as we are alone, that I am not only the head master of the anarchists of the world, that I have a good deal of money to spare for this. When your turn comes, Neiman, you will find that Arnstein can be generous to you, but—ha, ha! You must not let them see you spend the money. Now, how is business?"

"I have never yet been honored with the acquaintance of Arnstein," Neiman said, and wields such an influence over our cult," Neiman hastily.

"On the contrary, you know her very well," replied the old man, "and she thinks very highly of you."

"Surely, you mistake."

"No, you have seen me as Emil Andreas—I am Arnstein. You know her as Anna Silverman—and Yorston—and as I also did that in America she is Miss Silverman, in many other countries she is known by many other names. To the anarchists of the world she is Eunabia. I, likewise, am known by many names to the anarchists and to the anarchists of the world I am Arnstein, also. Now, you know who I am. I tell you this—you, who are to fill the same high place. Did she send no message to me by you?"

"No other than that I am to submit myself to you in all things."

"And you consent?"

"I do."

"'Tis well, Neiman, look me in the eye. Right. Now, close your eyes and let your face be to have a part in. See to it that you flinch not in time of trial."

Neiman did as he was told, and in a way into unconsciousness. It seemed to him that many hours had passed when he opened his eyes, awoke with a start and felt that he was chilly and shuddering.

"Where am I, you see?" asked Arnstein, bending over him. "Speak plainly, but not loudly."

"I saw myself shooting President McKinley. We stood in a long line, with a throng and I fired the fatal shot and then was swallowed up in darkness and then there was the face of Eunabia appear to you, a promise of hope?" asked Arnstein, eagerly.

"Yes; I saw her whole tall, magnificent form, and she seemed to be in a great throne, on which I saw myself sitting—the Throne of Death."

"Yes," whispered Arnstein. "You saw your reward. He smiled.

"Then I saw myself and in her place stood a man I know—one Yorston—and he rose and in another scene I saw myself as the one of which I have spoken," Neiman continued, sagely. "I was in a large stone-room, with a stone floor and grated window. At one side, surrounded by guards and detectives, was the other chair in which —in New York and Ohio—murderers are put to death, and in that chair which had replaced the Throne of Death I saw myself. It seemed to feel a strange and awful shock of electricity and then I awoke."

"There is a power working against mine," said Arnstein, slowly, "and it is a power that must be reckoned with. Yorston? Has that man Yorston given you any advice? Has he tried in any way to influence you?"

Neiman told Arnstein of Yorston's parting advice to him when he had left the hotel at Cleveland.

A high-class preparation. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color. The hair grows rapidly, stops falling, and dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Whose Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"Describe him."

As well as he could, Neiman complied with Arnstein's request.

"It is a mysterious opposing force of which I know little," declared Arnstein. "It is constantly growing more formidable and troublesome, but it shall not prevail. Sleep again, Neiman. Sleep. Relapse. I command you—I—Arnstein!"

The young man whom we have known as Neiman and whom the prophet and ruler of the anarchists of the world had called Cosgrosz, closed his eyes and was again in a realm of visions.

Arnstein bent over him and stroking his temples with fingers that trembled and seemed aflame, spoke terrible counsels and commands in his ears in a guttural voice, hoarse and quavering with excitement, words that were destined to produce results that shocked the world.

This extraordinary expose of anarchistic power and methods will be continued in next week's Ledger. We are still sending out free patterns and free cameras to all subscribers, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Her Glad Surprise.

"I have found out one thing about my husband," said the bride, who had been married before, "that surprises me greatly." Her friend moved up a little nearer so that they could whisper, and asked: "What is it?"

"His salary is just as big as he told me it was."

Knew Her Man.

He was desperately in love with her, but lacked the courage to propose.

"This line," she said, as she bent over his hand, "shows that you have a long life before you; this one indicates a good heart, this one a happy disposition, and this one that you lack courage."

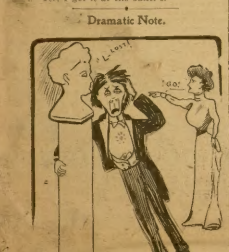
Being a dull and stubborn brute, always ready to prove other people liars, he popped.

Another Compliment Gone Wrong.

"What you're excellent," said the minister, who had been invited out to tea, and Mrs. Bjorkins, being a church member, had to swallow the compliment as it was.

"Yes, I got it at the baker's."

Dramatic Note.



"Mr. Barnstormer was supported by a strong cast."

If You Are Sick

Let Me Know It.

I wish simply our name and address—no money. Tell me which of these ills trouble you want.

I will send with it an order on your druggist to let you have 6 bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He will let you take it for a month; then he will charge you $5.50 for it. If it fails, he will send the bill to me. He will trust to your honesty, leaving the decision to you.

Such an offer as this could not be made on any other remedy. It would bankrupt the physician who tried it. But in five years I have supplied my Restorative on these terms to 520,000 people. My records show that 39 out of each 40 paid for it, because they were cured.

This remedy alone strengthens those inside nerves that operate all vital organs. It brings back the only power that can make each organ do its duty. No matter how difficult the case, it will permanently cure, unless some organic trouble like cancer makes a cure impossible.

I have spent my lifetime in preparing this remedy. I offer now to pay for all you take if it fails. I cannot better show my faith in it. Won't you merely write a postal to learn if I can help you?

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 523, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women
Book No. 5 for Men, sealed.
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

The Result.

Traveling Acquaintance—I wonder that the regular passengers don't agitate for better service.

Commuter—We do, at times, but it merely gets us agitated.

STOP THE COUGH
AND WORK OFF THE COLD.
Laxative Bromo Quinine. Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Microscopic Metaphysics.

Mrs. Hoyle—I can read my husband like a book.

Mrs. Doyle—You must have good eyes to read such a small type.

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

A party was in progress in Mr. Robert Morton's residence, in Baskwood. When the revelry was at its height, a pretty, fair-haired girl stole up to the room devoted to the gentlemen's hats and coats. She was a beautiful, dark-eyed individual, and she gasped out and grunted a little as he unfolded the missive.

In contracted, angular sentences, hastily scrawled in pencil—appeared to afford him considerable satisfaction. A mood, fat, smile crept over his face, and he chuckled complacently.

"Little puss!" he cried aloud. "So she couldn't wait for the gentman to take her answer. She was bound to bring it to me with her own hands! Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" again, in evident enjoyment of the thought.

At seven o'clock on Monday of the following day, the stout individual previously mentioned appeared at one end of the avenue known as Lime Tree Walk. Near, on another person of the opposite sex became visible at the other end. The two individuals moved quickly toward one another in the dim light until they came face to face under a lamppost.

The girl looked at the man for a moment, and then shook her head. He spoke to her. "Oh!" and endeavored to pass him. Before she could prevent him, he had caught both her hands in his own, and had imprinted a fat, sounding kiss upon them.

"Oh, Mr. Mitchell! I should say, my darling Ethel!" he murmured, "you have made me the happiest man in the world."

"Mr. Embley, how dare you! Let me pass. How dare you!"

With burning cheeks and flashing eyes, the girl struggled in his grasp.

Mr. Embley looked at her in undisguised amazement.

"I am astonished at your manner, Ethel," he said, mildly.

"Don't call me Ethel!" cried the girl, angrily, shaking off the hand he had placed on her shoulder.

"I believe it is customary for a man to address his promised wife in that familiar style," returned Mr. Embley, with some dignity.

"I don't understand you," cried Miss Merton. "You are laboring under some unaccountable delusion."

"Do you call this a delusion?" asked her companion, with equal heat, drawing from his pocket a scrap of paper and reading to the sentence inscribed thereon.

The girl cast a frightened glance at the paper, and then turned to her companion in speechless horror.

"Well?" he asked, with affected composure.

"There has been a horrible mistake," said Ethel at length.

"Not on my part, I believe," retorted Mr. Embley, resuming his mild manner with an effort. "My position is perfectly clear to me. I sent you an offer of marriage—an offer which, I presume, you anticipated for some time, and, in return, I am the recipient of a note containing—I may say none the less significant word 'Yes.' Either with a request to repair to the Lime Tree Walk at seven o'clock on the following day. This, under the circumstances, I took to be an all-sufficient and satisfactory answer. I am unable to regard it in any other light."

"I feel an explanation is due to you," said Miss Merton, faintly. "It is I who made the mistake. That note was meant for Tom—for a friend of mine," she added, rather hurriedly. "I put it in the pocket of his coat—at least I thought I did. It was from my lover coat. I am very sorry. Please forget this unfortunate occurrence."

"You ask what is quite impossible, Miss Merton," he returned, with an unpleasant expression on his broad face. "Since the pretty little note was not intended for me, may I ask who is the happy person?"

"You have no right to ask."

"Oh, I fancy I can make a very shrewd guess, all the same. You inadvertently abstracted the name of Tom just now. There is a certain young fellow, I believe, who is also employed in your father's office, and, I believe he is tolerated in your father's house. If I am not mistaken, he was present at the party last night, and I should not be astonished to find that he possessed himself surreptitiously of pen and color to my own."

"You are forgetting yourself, Mr. Embley."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Merton—you appear to forget the peculiar circumstance in which I am placed. You do not know all the circumstances. But, before enlightening you on the subject, I should like, as a matter of form, to inquire whether you received my letter, and what answer you intend to make of it?"

"I received your letter late last night. The answer I purpose giving you is—No."

"And I shall find it waiting for me, by way of Lime Tree Walk, at seven o'clock tomorrow?"

"My answer cannot be altogether surprising to you. I have never given you reason to think I cared for you."

"On that point we appear to be at variance. At any rate, your note, which I found in my pocket last night only admitted of one interpretation."

"Before my lover, Embley, I am very sorry this should have happened. Pray forgive my inadvertence. I am sure you will not take a wretched affair."

"That, unfortunately, is impossible. I regret to inform you, my dear young lady, that I have already approached your father on the subject."

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, aghast. "I mean that, on the strength of your pretty little message, Miss Merton, I did not find it as hard to credit as you appear to imagine—I went straight to your father's office this morning, and acquainted him with my good fortune. I already had reason to know that he regarded me as a desirable son-in-law, and to obtain his consent and blessing was not a difficult matter. Still, to places both of us in a very awkward position."

"It is horrible," said Ethel.

"I can see only one way out of the dilemma," he continued, blandly. "Your father believes me to be your accepted suitor. I myself was under the same impression until you denied that fact. Now, it is the privilege of every lady to change her mind. I would suggest that you should signify yourself of the privilege by withdrawing your recent denial."

"I don't understand you."

"No? Then I will speak more plainly. The only way out of the difficulty in which you have involved yourself is to become my wife."

"You are joking."

"On the contrary, I was never more serious in my life. I fail to see the slightest humor in my suggestion."

"Then, Mr. Embley, let me tell you, once for all, that I can never marry you."

"You speak hastily, Miss Merton. Pray consider the facts of the case a little more carefully. I should like to point out to you that, if you refuse to fulfill what is the recklessness of that compromising little note, your father will, of course, demand an explanation. Your young friend, I understand, has hopes of advancement in your father's office. How far a dismissal from that position will affect those hopes, I leave it to you to judge. Pardon me, Miss Merton, if I point out the liberty of calling for your answer tomorrow evening. I wish you good-night, and pleasant dreams."

* * * * * * *

"It's an awful position, Tom."

"Do you know, I feel quite elated, Ethel."

"Tom!"

"It's a fact. Now, there's no alternative but to speak out boldly and tell your father everything."

"Think of the consequences, dear."

"Well, your father will rage and storm, suppose, and turn me out of the office; but he can't prevent us from loving one another. We're all, as private citizens, on a level in that affair."

"It's better than no engagement at all. I should be old or age for nearly two years."

"Never mind, darling. We can wait for each other. I'll get on somehow, and then I'll marry that cad Embley."

"But he's at his heart on my marrying him. Mr. Embley is very rich, and, apart from that, father has taken a tremendous fancy to him."

"That's no reason for expecting you to take a fancy to him, Ethel."

"Think of his interview with Mr. Embley yesterday morning."

"Has your father spoken to you about it yet?"

"I haven't had the courage to meet him. I felt I couldn't till I had seen you."

"When do you expect Embley?"

"He may be here at any moment, and father, too. By the way, I haven't told you we are expecting another visitor tonight—an aunt whom he haven't seen since mother died. She has been in California for fifteen years."

"Great Scott! Then we've got to face the aunt as well to—"

At this moment the arrival of the lady herself, accompanied by Ethel's father, put an end to the conversation.

Aunt Julia was a vivacious little lady, with bright, birdlike eyes, a voluble tongue, and an active mind, which even to jumping to hasty conclusion. She kissed her niece affectionately on both cheeks, shook hands with Tom as if she had known him for years, and presently electrified the assemblage by alluding to the two, in the most matter-of-course way, as "our young turtle-doves here."

"You are under a misapprehension, Julia," remarked Mr. Merton, severely. "Ethel is not engaged to—"

Before he could complete the sentence, Mr. Embley was announced.

"Ah, Embley," said Mr. Merton, cheerily, "you come at an opportune moment. Julia, let me introduce my daughter's fiance, Mr. Arthur Embley."

Then a queer thing happened.

Mr. Embley stepped forward at Aunt Julia, uttered an inarticulate gurgle, then, without a word of explanation or excuse, fled from the room and out of the house.

"Hoy! stop him!" cried Merton began, and stopped, arrested by a look on Aunt Julia's face he could not understand—a look of mingled scorn and amusement.

"You don't mean to say, Robert," said Aunt Julia, "you don't mean to say you allowed this poor child here to engage herself to that man?"

"Certainly I do," returned Mr. Merton, with some asperity. "I consider the match a most desirable one. I am aware that you were acquainted with Mr. Embley."

"Oh, I was compelled to be married to him myself, when I was a girl," retorted Aunt Julia, calmly.

"You? Impossible!"

"Why impossible, my dear Robert. It is nearly ten years ago since we met in Oakland, California; but even then we recognized one another at once. By the way, it is quite an interesting story. He jilted me, you know."

"Ah!"

Mr. Merton gazed at his sister-in-law in bewilderment.

"Yes," continued Aunt Julia, briskly, with the air of one relating an entirely impersonal reminiscence, "he jilted me, and a good thing it was, too, as it afterward turned out. There was certain facts connected with Mr. Arthur Embley's history—but I am forgetting our poor little girl here. My dear," she continued, sympathetically, turning to Ethel, "I hope you didn't love that man."

"Aunt Julia! I always disliked him," cried Ethel, "and it's all a mistake, an awful mistake, about our engagement, father!"

And thereupon, the plunged headlong into a confession of her misdemeanors—and Tom's.

Following Mr. Embley's flight, Aunt Julia burst laughing so heartily that Mr. Merton was, perforce, compelled to join in her merriment, instead of parental dignity and displeasure.

This was so little what Tom and Ethel had expected, that for a moment the presence of mind to seize their advantage.

Not so Julia. She had taken a liking to her niece's good-looking sweetheart.

"Come, what have you to say for yourself?" she said, turning to him. Then, in a whisper, "make hay while the sun shines," she added, meaningly.

Tom was no orator, but the words he spoke came straight from his heart.

"Ethel and I love each other, sir," he said. "I had no right to speak to her, but—I couldn't help it, and she has promised to wait."

"Give the young fellow a chance, Robert," pleaded Aunt Julia. "Remember what you were at his age."

Mr. Merton has recovered his self-possession, but a smile, which he tried in vain to conceal, still lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Well, well," he said, at last. "I confess I have been unfortunate in my choice of a son-in-law. Well see whether Ethel has made a better selection!"

Out of the Tall Grass.

An Onslow county farmer missed corn from a portion of his field and lay low until one day he discovered a bear making off with ears of corn. He cautiously followed the bear into the woods, where he saw it throw the corn over into a fenced inclosure in which were several pigs. It seems the bear was raising its own meat.—La Grange (N. C.) Semitic.

The Danbury poultry crank reports several cases of nervous prostration among his hens resulting in a total collapse induced by the visitation of a hawk.—Danbury (N. C.) Messenger.

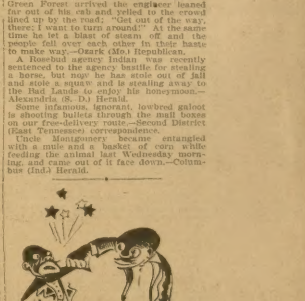
The rev saying around town that Judge Shackleford was awakened by his wife a recent night and told that there was a burglar out in the barn. It was also suggested that he go out and see about it. The judge got up and fumbled around as long that his wife asked him why he didn't start. "Because, my dear," the judge replied, "I can't find my collar."—Osceola (Ia.) Democrat.

When the last train on the new road into Green Forest arrived the engineer leaned far out of his cab and yelled to the crowd lined up by the road: "Get out of the way, there; I want to turn around!" At the same time he let a blast of steam off and the people fell over each other in their haste to clear.—Chicago Chronicle-Tribune.

A Rosebud agency Indian was recently sentenced to the agency bastile for stealing a horse, but now he has stole out of jail and stole a pony and is stealing away to the Bad Lands to enjoy his honeymoon.—Alexandria (S. D.) Herald.

Some infamous, ignorant, lowbred galoot is shooting bullets through the mail boxes on our Frewsburg route.—Second District (East Tennessee) correspondence.

Uncle Sandgunnery became entangled with a mule and a basket of corn while feeding the animal last Wednesday morning, and came out of it face down.—Columbus (Ind.) Herald.



THEATRICAL STARS.

No Excuse for It.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that a lot of tunnels are being cut through rocks at a newspaper.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh! Well, he doesn't have to ride in crowded cars where the women have to stand up.

Like an Employe.

When the night watchman found a stray man loafing around the vault of the bank his indignation knew no bounds.

"You've got your nerve," exclaimed the watchman. "Anybody'd think you was employed here, actually."

Losing His Appetite.

First Young Wife—Do you find it more economical, dear, to do your own cooking?

Second Young Wife—Oh, certainly. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he used to.

THE HAVILAND PRIDE.

The Story of a Proud Woman's Crime---A Hindoo's Love for an American Girl---A Tangled Drama.

By WILL T. WHITLOCK.
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CHAPTER XII.

The plan that Ringa Deek unfolded to Marie Haviland was bellish in its simplicity.

"You are to bring the girl to the German building tomorrow night. You will be taken suddenly ill. I will be there and at once offer my assistance. Then you will command the girl to go with me for medical aid. We will take a cab---it will be the carriage in waiting there. Once inside the vehicle, I have a liquid the fumes of which will render her helpless for a time. It will take but a moment for my servant to clothe Uneeta in the garments and face veil of Mrs. Haviland of our country. We will take the train which leaves at midnight. Forty-eight hours from there we will be aboard a ship bound for India, and you will never hear of the girl or myself again."

Marie arose, her lips wet, her eyes glistening. "You have the wisdom of a sage," she said, "I will do as you say. Do not fail me." And then as she saw the expression on his lineations feature she turned and fled from the place.

Nevertheless she carried out her part of the diabolical plot. Next evening she induced the reluctant Uneeta to accompany her to the German building. But unknown to Marie, Uneeta had asked Tom Sway and Will Leclercq to join them there as the boys returned from the Midway.

As Marie and Uneeta were walking slowly about the building, the former suddenly put upon a bench, exclaiming: "My child, I am very ill. Oh, my poor head, I---I---faint."

"What shall we do?" cried Uneeta in alarm.

"I must have relief at once," groaned Marie. Uneeta glanced about her helplessly.

"Your mother seems to be ill," said a Hindu dark man who was standing near.

"I am indeed very ill," moaned Marie. "Cannot a physician be found?"

"I will go for one," said Uneeta.

"No, dear, I cannot allow you to go alone---" "If your daughter will accept my offer, I will accompany her to a doctor's office. I am a stranger in town."

"Thank you, sir. Go with him Uneeta, and be as quick as possible. Get Dr. Thompkins from our hotel," said the frightened Marie.

"I will call a cab," said the dark man as they reached the curbstone. "Here, you, take us to the Vendome at once," he called to the driver of a carriage nearby.

He opened the door, Uneeta stepped quickly inside, Hindo, followed, closing the door with a loud click, the driver started the horses forward at great speed. Ah, poor Uneeta!

The click of the carriage door caused two young men who were just entering the German building to look hastily around. The face of one of them suddenly brightened.

"Tom, that was Uneeta Deek I saw in that cab window," said Will Haviland.

"Perhaps she and your aunt are playing a trick on us; are going to have us to hunt around the building till midnight," said Tom Sway.

"Keep that carriage in sight for a moment," said Will, suddenly filled with a strange foreboding. He rushed into the building at the place where he had promised to meet Uneeta. A little farther away he saw his aunt sitting upon a bench holding a handkerchief to her face. Wicked woman, she held the cloth there to hide the exultation in her eyes.

"Where is Uneeta?" asked Will.

Marie gave a start. "I am so ill," she said when she recognized Will, "Uneeta and a kind man have gone for a doctor."

"Alone with a stranger?" gasped he.

"Yes, yes, they will return soon. Stay with me," she moaned hoping to detain him.

But Will sped back to the door to Tom.

"Tom, Uneeta has gone in that carriage with a stranger for a doctor. I---I am afraid. I am afraid something is wrong. Follow that cab. I will stay with Aunt Marie."

Quick as a flash the sturdy Tom Sway leaped into a cab.

Did you see that carriage which just drove away?" he cried to the driver.

"Yes one which the dark man and the pretty girl took?" asked the sharp eyed jehu.

"Yes, yes. Follow it. Don't let it get out of sight. It means money for you if we overtake that cab." And the second vehicle rolled away with Tom's eager head thrust from the window.

The carriage containing Uneeta and Ringa Deek turned suddenly into a dark side street and halted. The driver of Tom's cab whipped forth his horses, but before he could reach the preceding vehicle it had started in motion.

"I think, sir, they are headed for the Fourborn street depot," said the driver to Tom.

"Why should they go there?" said Tom.

"Ain't it a runaway couple?"

"No, you fool," shouted Tom. "Don't let that carriage out of your sight or I'll murder you."

The first carriage drew up at the railway station. Hingo, all unconscious that he was being pursued, quietly alighted and made a sign to the servant on the box. The tawny fellow climbed down and lifted the now insensible Uneeta in his arms and bore her inside the building. She was enveloped in the loose flowing robe of a Hindu woman, and the veil, her face, concealing all but her lovely eyes, now closed wearily, was the white face veil worn by eastern females. The attendant placed her gently upon a seat in the ladies waiting room. Ringa Deek walked carelessly toward the ticket window.

The next moment a tornado in the shape of Tom Sway bounded into the room. He leaped across the floor to the side of Uneeta. He clasped her in his arms, and still holding her to him, turned fiercely upon the man who was standing guard.

The commotion caused Ringa to glance around. He gave vent to a heathen oath, and then, like the wily villain he was, he took in the situation at once. He made an imperative gesture to his servant and the two vanished from the room before the latter could give vent to the avalanche of indignation with which he was filled by the scene.

Without a word to the astonished hysterical crowd, Tom lifted Uneeta in his arms and carried her to the carriage outside.

"To the Vendome," he commanded.

The singular flight of Ringa Deek had been counter effected by a rescue equally simple.

Then came the sensation of Marie Haviland when, still simulating illness she and Will reached the hotel. She found her sister Janet and the members of the Sway family hovering anxiously about the couch of the still unconscious Uneeta.

"What---what has happened?" gasped Marie, her face forsaking her face, leaving her very ill appearing indeed.

Wicked woman. They led her trembling from the room. And in the long she lay moaning in horror. But as the first rays of dawn crept through her window, she sprang upward and clenched her hands until the nails cut into the flesh.

"That fool Hindoo! That idiot! He failed!" she muttered. "They will never suspect me, however. And another time will prove more successful. I shall not trust the craven Ringa Deek. I will not be baffled."

CHAPTER XIII.

"She is sleeping naturally at last," said the kindly doctor who had watched with the anxious group of relatives. "Perhaps the drug may have been some powerful opiate. The odor of it baffles me. I can remember nothing like it."

"Thank God," said Mr. Sway, who had repressed his anxiety to save his wife as much as possible. "Shall we now leave Mrs. and Mr. Haviland better retire? You are both worn out."

"No, no," cried each of the women. "We will remain until she awakens. We could not rest until the poor dear has told us her story."

"Well, while we are waiting, Tom might give us his version of the affair."

Tom told of his pursuit and its outcome once more.

"And you think the man was Ringa Deek?" asked Mr. Sway.

"I am sure of it, father. I saw his face for a moment only; but I am certain it was he."

"O, heavens! Will the villainous Deek be followed us all the way to America," sobbed Mrs. Sway.

"Be not afraid so, dear. We must be ever on our guard."

"Father, is this man who seeks to injure Uneeta?" asked Janet Haviland.

"Yes, my daughter. Ringa Deek's passion for Uneeta, and of his threats to possess her at all hazard."

"Oh, my! Heavens!" exclaimed Janet growing pale. "I could not love Uneeta better if she were my own sister, and I would die rather than her being in the clutches of that Hindoo fiend. We will protect her."

At this moment Uneeta opened her eyes. She sat up suddenly, looking about her in intense terror. Then as she gazed, a puzzled look came into her face. "It seems I have seen that face before. Where was it? I have nursed so many persons in my time, however, it is impossible. It can't be. I am getting old and foolish."

Next day Uneeta asked to be carried into the room to inquire concerning the fate in valor the nurse gazed at her in surprise.

"Are you not Mrs. Leclercq?" she asked respectfully.

"I am Mrs. Haviland now," said Janet quietly.

"Pardon me; but I nursed you when the twin---when your son was born."

"You are---" she gazed at her.

"Is the young lady any---any relation to you?"

Janet explained how the strange resemblance of Uneeta and Will had led to the acquaintance of the two families.

"I guess the resemblance ain't so strange after all," muttered the nurse. "And it ain't no wonder she says she loves the girl as a daughter."

Later in the day, Marie Haviland, still feigning illness, crept, for appearance sake, into the room to inquire about Uneeta. She started back aghast at the sight of the figure beside the bed.

"Nurse Filkins! Is everything turning against me?" she thought. "Perhaps the old fool will not know me, however."

Another glance at the nurse soon undeceived her as to this.

"You are Mrs. Filkins?" said Marie, putting on a bold front.

"Yes."

"Strange that we should meet again."

"Very."

"What do you know?" Marie lost her self control for a moment.

"That this is Janet Leclercque's daughter," said the nurse, pointing to Uneeta.

"Yes. All but the girl herself knows it. Janet denies it for my sake. I am grateful thereby to spare Uneeta the pain of the knowledge. I have since forgiven you your former crimes," Marie continued in assumed contrition. "But if I have stoned and the injured ones have forgiven me, it is a forbidden topic in the two families. I am sure you will not pain them by mentioning it to any of them."

"No, indeed," said the simple minded nurse. "And you must forgive me, madam. I have often thought ill of you. I am glad that all has been made right. You may trust me not to mention the matter to any one."

"I have closed that simple old idiot's mouth forever," said Marie to herself after the room. "Now to see Ringa Deek. Oh, that wretch! Wait till I do see him. He will not fail again."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Ringa Deek and his two trembling attendants reached his apartments, the Hindoo paced the floor for a time in rage. Then impelled by curiosity, he commanded the two men to appear before him. The servants came crouching to his feet before the master. They have cast from a rack he beat them until weary. Then casting the rod from him he hissed: "You are a man. Come before the tomorrow night or I will kill you both. Go!"

The men fled and spoke not upon the affair.

"That she hyena failed me. She weakened and sent the young cub to rescue the sister. But I will not be trifled with this foul affair."

When the schemes of these two arch friends failed, each placed the blame on the other. No two rogues can ever long remain friends, each one is aware from a knowledge of himself.

"But I'll have my revenge," said Ringa. "I'll frame up a story and tell him all. Then I will see I'll ask him for his daughter. He will not care to have a nephew for a son. He cannot like or his uncle, prove she is his daughter and get control of the old man's money. And if he will not, then I will kill him. Yes, I will kill him. I will be revenged on that Marie who failed me, at last."

Early next morning one of Ringa Deek's servants came humbly to his master's bedside. "A boy has come from the hotel Metropole in Chicago," and he gave the address of Moyne Leclercque.

"Have a new carriage ready at 10 o'clock," commanded Ringa. "Have your people packed at once. We must be careful how we appear in the streets until that affair of last night blows over. Get me a thing about it in the papers this morning. I wonder?" he added as he took up a newspaper. He scanned the paper carefully and then threw it down with a sigh of relief. "Good, no names mentioned."

Shortly after the Hindoo was shown into Moyne Leclercque's apartment. Moyne sat moodily by the window.

"I have something to tell the sahib that will cause surprise and grief," said the Hindoo.

"Have I his permission to proceed?"

"Yes."

"You have a daughter."

Leclercque looked at the other for a time in silence. Finally he replied: "I have been told so taken. It is a son. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Yes. But the sahib has also a daughter."

Ringa then told the story of Uneeta as he had been told by Marie Haviland. Before he had finished Moyne was pacing the floor excitedly.

"My God! Can this be true. But what proof have you?"

"Once glance at the boy and sister together will satisfy the sahib. Besides this we have the record of the marriage of Janet and the nurse her to confess."

"Indeed. Ringa found she devil enough to do anything. I can easily believe in her share of the conspiracy. But why have you taken an interest in this affair sir?"

"Because I love your daughter."

"Love my daughter, you Hindoo!" he cried. "I am a man of power in my own country, sahib."

"But she is only a child."

"She is older than my youngest wife."

"Impossible! You have a second wife!"

"I have fifteen, sahib, but I will put them away and make your daughter my wife if she wishes, for she may reign as queen of my harem and have the others at her feet. Does the sahib refuse me for his daughter?"

"No, no, a thousand times, no. Even if all you have told me is true, I am sure Uneeta could never give her to a man like yourself. If it is revealed to her that she is a daughter of Janet she will be proud and I can take the child to my uncle."

"There is no need of money," said Ringa, coldly. "I wish your daughter."

"You will not have her."

"Then you shall never know of her whereabouts. Ringa Deek has spoken. I will leave Chicago and go to Ceylon, and he will fulfill his vow."

Moyne seemed turned to stone. Despite the indolent movements of Moyne, however, there was a quick alertness about him. The Hindoo could wink his fiercest eyes he would ing of the pistol held in Leclercque's steady hand.

Next day for the last minutes to write the address of my daughter on that card; also the address of my uncle and his mother," said Moyne without a tremor.

Ringa looked for a moment into the determined eyes of the man before him, and then, coward that he was, he turned away from the address.

"I will do; you may go now," said Moyne, yawning.

Ringa, filled with rage, crept from the room. He had failed again.

Leclercque lazily drew off his smoking jacket and donned a street garment. "I have some interesting inquiries to make, it seems," he thought, moving slowly toward the door.

CHAPTER XV.

Ringa Deek went at once to the hotel where Marie Haviland was staying. He sent up his card, but followed so fast upon the footsteps of the servant that Marie had scarcely read the name before he stood in her presence. The two gazed at each other in silence for a time in silence.

"You wretch!" hissed Marie at last.

"Traitress!" cried the Hindoo.

"You coward, to allow her to escape you."

"You well know why I could not send her brother on our track."

"I did not. You were too cowardly to face him."

"It is false, but I have evened things with you."

"In what way?" asked Marie, cooling somewhat in the face of the Hindoo's anger. The Hindoo's eyes give way to an equally malicious gleam of triumph.

"I visited the girls father this morning and told him all."

"You are trying to frighten me."

"Not so. He is now searching for Uneeta."

"You---you---" Marie could say no more; she choked with rage. Her fingers were working convulsively and she seemed about to spring upon the Hindoo, but she controlled herself with a great effort. She forced a smile across her face.

"And did Moyne Leclercque promise to give you his daughter?" she asked, still smiling pleasantly.

It was now the Hindoo's turn to rage. He strode across the room, muttering curses and imprecations in a manner frightful to hear.

Marie watched him in scorn and hoping leopard awoke and caught me. He drove me from him like a dog after he had used me as a cover from the thousand devils chase him through a million jungles."

Marie sat in cold silence. "What are we to do now?" she asked.

"We must flee."

"Coward. Do you think I will run?"

"I return at once to Ceylon. Everything is changed. It is no longer safe for me."

"And you would leave me here to bear the brunt of it alone?" she cried.

"No. There is only one way for us both to escape." He crossed the room and whispered in her ear.

"Never."

"Then well. Two hours from now the two families will know everything. Do you care to have the name of Haviland become a by word of it."

"Oh heaven, help me!" cried Marie, sinking to the floor. Poor, wicked woman. Her sin had found her out.

"I will go where to find me. I shall not leave the city until evening," said Ringa Deek walking from the room with a satisfied smile on his evil face.

In another room a different scene was being enacted. Janet and the nurse were in a reading together. Suddenly the latter glanced up from her book and saw Marie standing before her. He had entered unannounced.

Janet sprang to her feet, trembling.

"Marie! what are you doing here?" she cried.

Moyne bowed with all his oldtime indolent grace. "I have come to see Mrs. Leclercque. Will you oblige me by leaving us for a time?" he said.

Miss Salena fluttered from the room.

Janet, I have today heard a strange tale. I have just left the man who told me the story as Ringa Deek had told it. Janet listened perfectly breathless.

But before Moyne could finish his speech, poor Marie fell to the floor. Her self-loathing about the door way, suddenly burst into the room, and throwing herself at Janet's feet, clasped her hands over her face. "Janet can you ever forgive me? I have had no peace since I had the letter. It has been a horrible nightmare."

They stooped and raised her tenderly. But the poor creature could not control her sobs. The relief to her simple soul at the lifting of the great burden overpowered her. Janet and Moyne were strangely moved.

"How can you forgive her?" asked Moyne in a voice husk grown calm.

The nurse who knows all is in the next room."

"Let the nurse come in here."

Miss Salena entered, and from a bottle Moyne Leclercque stood looking at his wife. Her eyes were cast upon the floor; her face was colorless.

Suddenly Moyne fell upon his knees at her feet. "O, Janet, my darling, I love you better than anything else on earth. I did not know it until I saw you a few moments ago. Forgive me. Though I am not a villain brute. But give me one more chance, and I will do all in my power to make you happy. Do you heed me, Janet?"

"Yes, but I can't---"

"Oh, do not say it. Think how happy we could be together, now, with our two children and the money my uncle will leave us. For God's sake, think, think, before you answer. I will atone. I will make your happiness the object of my life."

For a moment longer Janet was silent. Then she answered slowly:

FREE KIDNEY CURE

A Trial Case of a Remarkable Remedy Mailed Free to Every Sufferer Sending Name and Address.

Dear Sirs:---I am a passenger engineer on the N. & T. O. R. R. and have been for twenty years. I have suffered with Kidney and Bladder trouble for 15 years, and I commenced to take your remedy Dec. 1st, 1900, and have taken in all 12 bottles. I got up in the night four and five times before I took your remedy, but since taking your remedy I have no application to join Bernice orders, but was rejected on account of Kidney trouble, but six months after taking, I was examined again and passed O. K. OMAR B. BRADY.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Backache, Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, Difficulty in Passing Water, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and many other forms of Constitutional Diseases, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the piper methysticum, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,000 successful cures in 90 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease. Hon. R. C. Weed, Ex-Mayor of Kingston, Ont., writes: "I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease, after two years' suffering. His bladder trouble was so great he had to get up five to ten times during the night. Hundreds of others, and many ladies, including Mrs. Sarah Castle, of Fesserton, Ont., Mrs. Ida Hall, of Fegeley, Lancaster Co., also testify to its wonderful curative properties. Read and learn of others and profit by examples.

The following judge of the value of this Great Disease, or for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. Write at once. Do not delay specific Cure and cannot fail. Address the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 78 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"Moyne, your careless indifference almost broke my heart, but—but I believe I have love you always—"

Moyne gathered her fiercely in his arms.

"I guess there must have been a mistake about my being wanted in this room," said Nurse Filkins with a smile, backing hastily from the apartment a few moments later.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Swasy and Uneeta sat together in the latter's room. Uneeta had so far recovered from her frightful experience as to be able to lie propped up with pillows upon a couch. This couch had become the shrine before which many tokens of love were offered.

The elder lady made three distinct efforts before she could force herself to say: "Darling, there is something I must tell you this morning."

"What is it, mamma? Why do you look so pale and distressed?"

Mrs. Swasy's tears fell freely. She wiped them away and began bravely: "I am not your mother, dear."

"Mamma!"

"No, dear, I had hoped that never would I be forced to tell you this; but circumstances have altered things until now it becomes my duty. You have been done a terrible wrong. When you were born, your wicked aunt, to relieve her family of the expense and care of rearing a girl, carried you to an orphan asylum."

"Oh, a foundling," moaned Uneeta.

"There my husband and I found you. We had always longed for a daughter and our hearts went out to you at once. We hoped—" Mrs. Swasy paused, overcome with emotion.

CHAPTER XVII.

Late that afternoon Miss Helena came into Janet's room. There were tears in her eyes and she held in her trembling hand a letter.

"What is it, Selena?" asked Janet, kindly.

"It is from sister Marie," said the spinster, faintly.

Janet hesitatingly took the paper and let her eyes fall upon the sheet.

"No doubt you are all wondering what has become of dear Marie." the letter said. "You need have no anxiety concerning me. I have gone with Ringa Dek. He has declared his love for me and I return it. Of course you did I not meet this man when I was younger that our love might have had time to exist. He says that Uneeta was only the bud while I am the full blown blossom. I hate her for her very existence. She ruined my life. But most of all I loathe her because once Ringa loved her.

"I shall reign over his harem and live like a princess. I shall have hundreds of slaves whose lives I shall hold in my hand. Did you think I would stoop to beg for your forgiveness? Not I. No more narrow bondage for me. I was born to rule. I spit on all of you. Your loving sister, MARIE."

There was a long silence. It was broken by Janet.

"My wayward sister. I freely forgive her the wrong she has done me and mine."

"Yes, yes, we are too happy now to think of Vengeance," chorused the others.

"But think of her in the power of a man like Ringa Deek," sobbed Miss Selena. And all shuddered at the thought.

And now our story draws to a close. Two years later Tom Swasy married the lovely Uneeta, they live on, a large plantation in Florida. Nurse Filkins is their housekeeper. The Swasy family reside on a neighboring estate. Harold and Fanny are on the day in which Harold is still at Harvard. Moyne Leclerque and his beautiful wife live in a magnificent residence on a fashionable street in New York. Miss Selena is the guardian angel of the home. Will Leclerque with his life handsome face, his winning manners and his uncle's money is one of the most desirable men about town. Dan Thompkins is still unmarried. His love for Marie Haviland destroyed his faith in women, and although he is now a gifted and useful physician, he persistently shuns society.

Every year there is a great reunion of the three families at the Swasy plantation. But this year their pleasure was sadly marred by the terrible disaster which came to Janet a few hours before she left the city for her trip to the south.

"My Dear Sister Janet.—Do you ever think of poor, miserable Marie? I am the most wretched of women. Verily I am being punished for my sins. Ringa Dek is a fiend. He pounded me on the throne and he treats me as a slave. I am now only one of his wives. I will die. Every day I see him stifling harem, with a number of seemingly gay and careless women, and I know that he is almost miserable as myself. They have one advantage, however, they know nothing of the great world outside, while I know too much, too much.

"Ringa Dek has brought home two wives since he installed me here. And now he is beginning for another. The wretch tells me that I must not expect to reign a favorite when my hair is gray.

"I have but one consolation: I shall not live long. My health is failing fast. Ere this reaches you I may have passed away. I pray for death.

"O, Janet, forgive your erring sister. Think of her misery. Teach your children to think as kindly of her as they can."

A month later they received a curt note from Ringa Dek announcing the death and burial of Marie Haviland. And that is the only lasting sorrow which comes to the happy family in Florida.

Street corners are the turning points in many lives.

THEY STOLE A JAIL.

There was always a cruel and relentless war waging between the C. J. & F. K. Railroad company and the town of Manilee.

Manilee was a small town, but it did not know it. In its own estimation Manilee was a metropolis and it declared Manilee that the C. J. & F. K. railroad had not recognized that fact.

Manilee felt certain that the C. J. & F. K. railroad owed most of its prosperity to the fact that Manilee was on the line. Yet the railroad seemed singularly unmindful of all that had to Manilee.

Several things had happened to widen the growing breach between the town and the railroad. One of the things that hurt Manilee most was the running of the St. Louis cannon-ball express through the town at the rate of about a mile a minute. If the people whose lives I shall hold in my hand. Did you whose lives I shall hold in my hand. Did you think I would stoop to beg for your forgiveness? Not I. No more narrow bondage for me. I was born to rule. I spit on all of you. Your loving sister, MARIE."

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"Who are my parents?" whispered Uneeta.

"Can you not guess, dear? Your mother is Mrs. Janet Havilind—Mrs. Swasy."

"And my father?"

"Moyne Leclerque. He and your mother have been separated for years; but, thank God, they are once more united and are now waiting to claim their daughter."

"Mamma, how can I leave you?" said Uneeta, sobbing wildly.

"You need never leave me, dear, unless you wish. Your father—my husband and I will always live with you."

"O, mamma, if you are not my real mother, then Tom—"

"Not your brother but your lover," said Mrs. Swasy smiling archly through her tears. "I have kept him from you against my force all morning. But now you must prepare to meet your mother who are waiting on the other side."

We will close the door on the scene that followed, and wait impatiently in the corridor with big, handsome Tom Swasy.

When some later Mrs. Swasy opened the door and beckoned to Tom, that giant leaped eagerly into the room and fell at Uneeta's feet. For a time neither spoke. At last Uneeta said gently: "Tom, are you not sorry to lose your sister?"

"If I am to loose her," said Tom, choking. Uneeta turned and gave her hand.

"O, my darling, say you will not leave me. I never knew until now how passionately I love you. Say you will love me in return, will marry me when I have finished school."

"Tom, I have loved you since we were little tots together," said Uneeta simply.

He leaped to his feet and clasped her in his strong arms.

A little later Will Leclerque bounded into the room.

"O, Uneeta," he cried in his hearty boyish tones, "think of it, we are brother and sister. Twins, too, aren't you glad? I am. And to think that I was about to fall in love with you."

"I hope you will always love me," said Uneeta.

And then with her new found brother holding her hand and with her lover's strong arm about her, perhaps was led to join the happy group assembled in her mother's room.

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Ordeals of Chinese Women.

The two dreaded ordeals to which Chinese girls look forward with more or less apprehension are foot-binding and the marriage. Foot-binding is not so universal as generally supposed, nor is it confined to the daughters of the higher classes. The Manchus, to which race the empress dowager and the court officials and "mandarins"—the military classes—belong, have never observed the senseless custom.

It is of an antiquity so hoary that its origin is lost. But it is supposed that it was primarily brought about by tightening the cotton ligatures, which are worn as a substitute for hose, until, in the course of time, the feet were purposely dwarfed and crippled. To be the custom more than poets and novelists have praised the stunted feet, comparing them to "golden lilies," and the hobbling gait which follows the crippling to "the swaying of lilies upon their stems."

It is extremely difficult for Chinese of the higher classes to find husbands for their daughters unless their feet are distorted to the natural size. It is thought that women who desire social position and a home should be the case if they had full use of the stunted members.

At the same time, "bound-foot" women may be seen working in the fields, carrying heavy burdens—poor, oppressed drudges who frequently end their lives by opium, or leaping into wells.

The binding process begins at the age of 5 or 7; the bones of the great toe are first turned under, protruding at the outer edge of the sole, and the latter is drawn at length, upon the great toe and the back of the heel. The feet occasionally mortify and drop off in the process, and if this does not happen they become deadened and benumbed, with constant pain and suffering.

Prior to the Boxer outbreak Mrs. Archibald Little, the authoress of "Intimate China," who resides at Changking in Szechen, founded a society for the abolition of foot-binding. It had spread rapidly throughout the empire, and several influential mandarins had lent their support.

Li Hung Chang, who stated that his mother had unbound her feet, subscribed $100 with the characteristic remark that he "would give as much more if Mrs. Little would induce foreign ladies to continue their waists!"

The Chinese have profound faith in western physicians, and this had been taken advantage of; the physicians addressing large audiences and writing upon the evils and custom of maiming the mothers and undermining their health and strength, as it reacted upon the race.

To Avoid a Strain.

"Feeling blue, are you, Mr. Lightwayte," said Miss Simplecute, sympathetically. "You ought to do something to occupy your mind."

"I don't mean," she added after a moment, "that you ought to work very hard at anything."

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The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions and authorizes no one to use that capacity in its behalf. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she has a receipt book in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons who are traveling from town to town in defiance of the terms of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Some women take up music for the purpose of beating time.

A ray of hope in the Schley inquiry is that the decision of the court is to be final.

It is an easy to draw back a bullet after discharging the gun as it is to recall an unkind word.

The nightingale is no more interesting than the midnight cat to the man who wants to sleep.

President Roosevelt is running the white house for a brief season and he will invite no dine whomsoever he pleases.

If King Edward will only give them a trial he can get lumps of patent medicines free of charge for a testimonial.

If we were to tax the capital stock of corporations proportionately for a few years probably that would tend to squeeze out most of the water.

The man who has too much regard for the feelings of his neighbors would undoubtedly get mad if he knew what the aforesaid neighbors thought of his weakness.

Greek enthusiasts are complaining because the Olympian games are to be held in Chicago. They say that nowhere but in Greece will be found the Greek atmosphere. This no doubt is true, but on the other hand one might travel the world over without finding elsewhere the Chicago atmosphere.

One thing we could do with a duty on coffee is to build up a coffee trust and enhance prices to the consumer. We take it that a few more infant industries like the steel trust are just about what the American people are looking for. A tariff on coffee would simply add the amount of the duty to the price of coffee, and every family in the land would feel the burden. What we want is lower duties and cheaper goods for the masses.

The Monroe doctrine is strangely misunderstood in Europe, but it should be understood in the United States. It does not assume the least authority over the domestic government or forms of relations of American republics. It does not even promise protection against European attack for a purpose we recognize as just, like the collection of indemnity for outrage. It only guarantees them against further extension of permanent Europe an sovereignty over American territory.

The glowing prophecies of the trust promoters have not been fulfilled. The large dividends are not forthcoming except in certain cases where there has been an unusual demand for the products or where there has not been an excessive capitalization. The lapse of time is placing the industrial stocks on a basis that is near their true value. That this nonfulfillment of expectations has caused no disturbance in the commerce of the country speaks well for the solid condition of business.

A WOMAN'S PERIL;
Or,
THE STRANGE DEFENBOROUGH CASE.

By GRACE D'CHENEY,
Author of "The Devil's Eye," "The Mummied Hand," Etc.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 40, October 5. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news agents, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Dr. Undine turned and looked as the sleeping girl, but not a gleam of pity shone in his cold black eyes. This man's mental make up, though the infant of a highly evolved development, was as utterly destitute of the quality of pity as would be the soul of an African cannibal, for even the heart of a savage might have felt a sentiment of human compassion, but upon the unruffled, bear-stained face of the innocent girl. But in the heart of Dr. Undine there lived a heart cold and pulseless as an unresponsive stone.

"Never argue with me [Undine], said the cadaverous villain, "she will soon become exhausted by the violence of her own passion, and when she is in a weakened condition, both mentally and physically, then is the appropriate time to get her to do almost what I flatter myself that I know the gentler sex pretty thoroughly. But, I must confess, I was not prepared for this sort of an outburst from this pretty little fool. She is less inane than I fancied; I didn't think she had so much spirit. Well, its a dangerous precedent, this unexpected outbreak, and after I get her out of down into seeing Ward as I desire, matters must move more rapidly toward completion. It will never do to keep this thing up very long; she might take a fancy into her head to visit her father unexpectedly, in which case, one way that the girl was brought up a catholic. Strange what a powerful fascination the confessional and its antiquated rituals have upon minds. But from this time on I shall insist on her coming here every day, and keep her under the influence of my dominating will. Ah, let me see," and the speaker looked at his elegant watch, with its diamond pointed hour hand, "I fancy that Ward will drop in before luncheon, and in that time she will be awakened to the door and opened it a space, called, "Miss Martin, if Mr. Ward calls tell him I'll see him in hell; I'm not especially engaged and would like to see him."

Then closing the door, the doctor took from his pocket a snowy handkerchief, scattered upon it a few drops of a colorless liquid from a bottle taken from his cabinet and threw the linen over the face of the sleeping girl, murmuring, "That will keep you quiet, you pretty little fool, until I choose to wake you. It would hardly do for you to be awake and able to hear my conversation with out mutual friend, Homer Ward, who, I hear the bell," and the doctor opened the door, only sufficiently wide to admit the expected visitor who entered briskly. Manifestly attired in white duck and cutting cap to match and a pink carnation flower just into the lapel of his coat.

"Good morning, doctor! Great scott, what's up?" he cried, on seeing the recumbent form of Marie, "any thing serious?"

"Rather," replied Undine with a cynical smiling countenance, and a peculiar inflection of the black heart that veiled its treachery as with a mask. "Rather serious, indeed, for police has just had a bad spell of troubled conscience; wants to withdraw."

"Great Jerusalem!" ejaculated Ward, "if she blabbs we are lost!"

"She will never have a chance," emphatically declared the doctor, "from this hour on my power over her will be redoubled. I will set her to sleep, and when I awaken her, of course time we must push forward our projects at a more rapid pace. Now, Ward—"

"He will be here presently and I told your stenographer to page him in. Say, Doc, is Marie asleep? In case she is, she is liable to wake up in the midst of this confab and make things interesting."

"The doctor committed a low laugh, cried and suggestive, "Ward, you are a fool. Leave that matter to our conference; she is dead to all sensation for the present."

As the speaker uttered the last words with a confidence born of positive conviction, he failed to note that the handkerchief upon which he had saturated with the pungent fluid had partly fallen from the face of the girl, her back being turned toward the two men on the couch. Presently the private office bell tingled as a warning of the approach of the next to third man. Raynor, joined the other two. As he entered the room, and saw the form of Marie Defenborough stretched silently and apparently corpse like, upon the divan, he started and uttered her with a half articulate cry, almost like a cry of fear. "Why, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you haven't done it yet, have you?"

"No, Raynor," replied Ward, "we haven't done it yet. But when we do, is that the quality of nerve you have exhibited? You'd much better go into training by paying a few visits to the morgue."

"Dum me, gentlemen," cried Raynor, "what is' expect of a man? I've got all the nerve a fellow needs when he is prepared to see dead folks, only I'm not particularly found of stiffs and I thought—"

"You thought you had ran onto one, eh?" laughed Undine. "Come, Raynor, you've been drinking again, and that's against the contract. You agreed to keep sober, and by jove, you have to do it."

"Doc, you're way off. I haven't touched a drop since last night, and what's more I won't, an' there's my hand on it."

Undine shook the offered hand and replied, "Marie is simply sleeping, and after our little council I will awaken her. Meantime, Raynor, I wish you to keep her in sight most of the time. I wish you could manage to secure a room in the house near that of the Mortons. But no, that might attract too much attention; at any, rate you are now to watch her more closely than ever, and about day after tomorrow, I think the arrangements will be completed to take out the second insurance policy on which you are interested. The one in the Artauna Reliable."

"All right, Doc, I'm your man," returned Raynor, "Do you want I should watch the girl tonight?"

"No not this afternoon or evening. She will not go out after she returns to the Morton house, and you can accompany her in the carriage which I shall presently call by telephone, and Ward,—"

"Yes, Doc, what is it?"

"I want you to take this prescription over to that drug store on Ogden avenue. You know the one I told you about, and get this filled," and so saying, Dr. Undine handed Ward a folded paper, which he thrust into his vest pocket, and the three men went out.

Going into the reception room where the office telephone was located Undine called up no other than the carriage at the same time dismissing Miss Martin for the day, telling her that he would not require her services.

Pinning on her hat the pretty stenographer took her departure, with many a shrug of her little shoulders and a glance from one furtive glance at the closed private door, as if she would like to penetrate the secret of whatever was going between these three men and the beautiful girl Marie.

CHAPTER XII.
MARIE TAKES OUT HER SECOND INSURANCE POLICY.

The well matured plans of the villainous insurance swindlers seemed to prosper amazingly. For Marie Defenborough, the fair spectacle in the broad road that led toward the gilded halls of fashion, the consciousness of Marie Defenborough, their defenseless victim, so vitally necessary to the success of the gigantic swindle, had been lulled in sleep, or rest, or torment in the fair girl's sorrowful breast. At any rate, she had given no sign of remonstrance or outward expressions of discontent, since the doctor and Ward's pledge commands. Whatever luxuries money could purchase were supplied to her almost bountifully. Surrounded by unaccustomed luxuries and shielded by watchful and costly attire, she apparently lived in the full enjoyment of her new life, and the dark and stilly hours of night Marie experienced the heaviest pangs of grief or of an accusing conscience, who can tell or who best knows, unless it be the pitying angels who doubtless bore her silent petitions to the throne of mercy, moments of remorse, when the fair young girl in the midst of her splendor, would kneel in her chamber for the little attic room over her sister's humble home, and she gladly accepted in exchange for her new dress and the fashionable of the richest fabrics, her former linsey woolsey print or muslin. But by no more than all did she miss, with a dull and heavy heart, the loving presence of her devoted sister, Mrs. Bloomfield. Perhaps she deluded her fancy by alluring pictures of the future in which she would again be clasped to her sister with presents of money, which her sister's husband would not be able to refuse, and that she had been left to follow the dictates of her own wishes, she would have fled in haste back to the humble shelter of the sister's roof. But the baneful influence of Dr. Undine's power was upon her, and like the fly, fine and silken as a spider's webb, yet restrictive as bars of iron, held her captive, as against the bars of her cage would remain a prisoner still, for poor Marie's slavery was not for the body only. Ah, to be the slave, to be the puppet of another's will is far more damnable than the bodily imprisonment. From the instruments of stone walls and iron bars there is always to the innocent a hope of release by the help of friends, but the slavery of a false conception of right and wrong, instilled by an unscrupulous mind, through which is poisoned and corrupted, for such escape is well nigh hopeless.

To the deluded and infatuated Marie the fear of displeasing Dr. Undine was the greatest fear of existence, and to obey his dominating will. And so it came about that in the middle of August all arrangements were quite complete for the signing of the papers which procured for Miss Defenborough the second insurance policy, which was written for the same amount liable, the sum named being twenty-two thousand dollars. As in the policy held on the Michigan Mutual. Mr. Raynor, the assumed afflicted husband of the holder, was named as beneficiary.

The examining physician of the big insurance company had pronounced Marie in the best of health, and a perfect specimen of a perfectly normal condition. A long and useful life was predicted for the beautiful and healthy young woman, unless she fell a victim to some unfortunate accident, or was stricken by some contagious disease, the chances which all life insurance companies must assume when they accept the human life as a risk, in exchange for their annual dues.

Accustomed to the idiosyncracies of the wealthy, the head officers of the Arizona Reliable, offered but a passing comment on the large amount of the policy which, as usual, was carefully prepared with all the legal formalities guarding the company's financial interests. That part looked after, and the first yearly dues collected, the company felt quite secure, and so did Dr. Undine, out of whose pocket all of the money for the various expense must be furnished, he being the only partner in the scheme who could supply the necessary collateral. Ward had only a small income, being idle, and his expensive habits called for money, which was gingerly supplied by his wife. He had married her for her money, but later discovered her to be a shrewd and careful financier, from whom, neither by threats or cajoling, could he obtain more than an income sufficient to cover his necessary expenses, leaving no margin upon which to indulge his love for fast horses, lewd women, and the gambling table. Hence his anxiety to reap a rich harvest with his compaion in intrigue Dr. Undine, who was forced to give money to the third partner, Raynor, whom he did not like in the least, although they were associated together to perpetrate a terrible crime supposedly for mutual gain. Yet, about Raynor there was something inimical to the doctor's nature. Perhaps that difference consisted chiefly in the outward manners and appearance of the two men. Undine was polished and dainty as a woman in his dress and surroundings, careful of the niceties of speech, never indulging in profanity or coarse expressions. His was the graceful undulating curves of the silently creeping coiling, while Raynor stood, apparently, for an example of the commoner type of villainy, and gave way to a loud voice, and while in the society of his two companions, talked freely and without mincing words of the crime they were about to commit.

Dr. Undine longed to be rid of Raynor, and only tolerated him as a necessary tool, to be paid in the end and dismissed. Whether Raynor knew of the intended double cross and so determined by his manners toward his superior in the conspiracy, Undine, whom he jollied and familiarly, slapping him on the back like a boon companion and demanding as occasional supply of cash as indifferently as he was drawing upon his own bank account.

What the motives were of so little importance in the great scheme was very apparent, and Dr. Undine and Homer Ward secretly hated they treated him with the utmost consideration, and only when by themselves gave color to their detestation of the man they both took together, and as a usual thing thieves and robbers of society, are the greatest liars in society. But the case of two villains hating the third, and themselves, only accountable for by some strange law of retributive justice, the source of cruelty, such as is sometimes noted in the animal kingdom, when wolves turn upon their dead battle with another equally as bloodthirsty but of a different species.

Undine and Ward were alike in outward manifestations. Raynor, while associated with them in the commission of villainy, were more outspoken and coarser, and now that he was soon to be the possessor of several thousand dollars, he sensed as well with his own importance, knowing that without him the other two would be helpless. So if he chose to absent himself occasionally, concealing his whereabouts, he dared not be opposed too harshly, for they inferred that the time was spent at the gaming table.

Undine had been Mr. Undine's watchward, and so it continued to be, but to that he now added Raynor's name, and when the second policy on the life of Marie Defenbrough been placed in secure hiding to be produced at the proper time, then it was the doctor's plan to arrange for the third and last policy to be written by the Canadian Mutual, on which the name of Louise Defenbrough, of Berlin, Canada, was to be inserted. Then Marie, the said Louise Defenbrough, was supposed to be a full cousin, on the father's side, to Marie Defenbrough, and when the latter should be vested with the power of attorney to influence the second policy, the deceased Marie Defenbrough, it would be easy sailing for the conspirators to bring to a successful issue all of insurance money, since the aforesaid cousin Louise, being only a creature of the imagination of the doctor, had no earthly material claims against the estate.

Thus simplified the only possible chances of interference, the doctor expected to experience no delay in seizing upon the reward of his villainy at an early day after the success of the game should be played. That it must be soon all the conspirators knew, for the expense of keeping up appearances was growing beyond his resources. Already he had been compelled to mortgage the handsome furniture of his wife and young daughter lived. Nothing of especial interest was now required except the fine diamond scarf pin, and equally handsome solitaire ring which formed an elegant person, and with which he was both to excess.

One evening in August, shortly after the fifteenth, the day which had been appointed only for Marie, Undine and Ward were seated in the doctor's office awaiting the arrival of Raynor, who came sauntering in a good half hour after he had set to arrive. He was puffing at a fine cigar and was in high glee the two partners with. "Hello, Doc, hello Ward, old boy," he cried, removing the cigar from his mouth, simply shifting it to one corner of that wide member, talking on the other side while he removed his overcoat, hat and threw it back against the wall, and pushing his light colored hair back from his face. "Say, gentlemen, no pains to expectorate within the limits of a near by cuspidor, he freely ornamented the velvet carpet with several dark spots, until Ward, with the doctor arose and with the toe of his polished boot kicked the cuspidor over on the side of the offensive partner, with the coldly polite suggestion that if it please Mr. Raynor—"

"Excuse me, Doc. Dum blazes, yes, of course. I'll use the spit-box. Did I do any serious damage up on the carpet, Ward, look around. Well, Doc, you just put it down in the expense account against me, and I'll pay it out of my profits, see? Ha, ha," and Raynor laughed at his own wit.

The doctor replied by selecting a cigar from his own pocket case and offered it to Raynor with, "Have a smoke, Raynor?"

"Thanks, Doc," and Raynor threw away the end of the one he was consuming and lighted the more fragrant one instantly.

Ward and Undine following his example, and the three men seated, and having talked and their conference lasted several hours, and each step in detail was carefully gone over by more and many minor details arranged, especially was Raynor coached in the part he was playing. He fully agreeing to all that the two others exacted of him; that he was to be the acquaintance never seemed to know upon him, all he appeared to think of was the time when he was to hold in his itching palm the five thousand dollars minus the amount he was now receiving in advance from the doctor.

"It will be necessary for Marie to make a will," said Undine, "and in that will she must

provide for the cremation of her body and to make it sound sentimental and poetical, she will instruct that the ashes, after cremation, shall be scattered beneath the chapel elms at Graceland cemetery."

"Dum blases, Doc, but you're a bummer," grunted Raynor. "Say, Doc, do I carry the funeral urn? Might give me that as a sort of sacred memento of the melancholy occasion, eh?"

"Ah, yes, Raynor, you can keep the coffin too," replied Undine lightly.

"And you won't charge it to my account, Doc?"

"No, I'll throw that in gratis."

"We might economize," suggested Raynor, "an save the satin lined casket for our next policy holder."

"Something like swallowing a sugar coated pill," laughed Ward.

"Exactly," smiled Undine.

"When does she will some on?" inquired Raynor.

"As soon as possible after the last policy," answered the doctor.

CHAPTER XIII.

ERNEST MAKES A MISTAKE.

Ernest Hampton was recovering but slowly from the severe attack of typhoid fever, which had prostrated him at Naples and the many weeks within the walls of Emanuel hospital, a most unwilling prisoner. While delirious he babbled ofttimes of Marie, the beautiful girl whose life seemed wrapped in mystery, and when he at last recovered his normal condition of mind, his first thought was of the strange case which he had determined to investigate.

As soon as he found himself in a condition to talk lucidly he had confided to his valet, John, the terrible fears that agitated him in regard to the possible fate of the unprotected girl. John quieted his master with the assurance that he paid a daily visit to the neighborhood of her residence, and that she seemed most comfortably domiciled under the pretentious roof of the Morton mansion, and although she appeared a trifle pale, she never failed to visit every day at the office of Dr. Undine.

With John's occasional reports, Ernest was obliged to be content, until he should gain sufficient strength to take the tangled thread of the strange mystery and again attempt its unraveling. But to be patient during the long hot days of his convalescence was trying indeed, but the day came at last when he could sit in a chair by the window, then as he gained in strength, he was allowed, on the arm of an attendant, to walk about the grounds of the hospital, and he felt new strength and life in his tottering limbs, and the time came shortly when he could walk alone, and eggnog and tomato soup was added, with the cream, to his former exclusive diet of milk and lime water. After a week of convalescence, he was dismissed from the hospital and had returned to his old quarters at the Great Northern hotel, where suddenly the recollection of the office he had rented returned to his memory, a fact which his illness seemed to have utterly driven from his mind. With little difficulty he recalled the whereabouts of the keys and soon they were jingling in his hand.

"I will go there today," he said to himself, but I shall not tell John of the trip, as it would cause him unnecessary uneasiness, and I am to weak to expostulate even with my own valet. Strange that I should have forgotten the existence of the office, and of the renting of the office. But, oh, yes, I remember now, I did try to find it before I fainted."

It was about the hour of five on the same afternoon when Ernest Hampton, pale and attenuated from his long illness, alighted from a cab in front of the big office building on State street, and made his way with tottering steps, to one of the elevators, and as he waited for it to come down to the main floor, he leaned heavily upon the walking stick. As the elevator stopped with a downward lurch, a few inches below the landing, then gave an upward side the door opened and Ernest saw Lucy Martin emerge, as trim and neat as ever. He started forward as if to greet her, then suddenly remembered that without his disguise he was not Louis Blanc, and he flush illuminated his white cheeks. Noticing his start and confusion, Lucy looked at him sharply, wondering who the stranger could be. His face had a familiar look. But in him she failed to recognize the well dressed and handsome man of whom she had often thought.

Ernest left the elevator on the floor above that upon which was situated the office of Dr. Undine, and hastily unlocked the door of the apartment which he had rented of the young architect, now located across the hall.

"Ah," thought Ernest, as he looked about the empty rooms, "I have forgotten a most important matter. I have never penetrated to the rooms below without some carpenter tools. I suppose a large sized auger will be the proper implement to bore a hole in the floor over the janitor of the building; but no, that might excite suspicion, and I will not be obliged to work at night. Any noise would be sure to attract attention in the doctor's room. Yes, I shall be obliged to wait until I am well enough so I might as well begin this evening. By working cautiously I can soon bore a hole."

As nothing was to be gained by remaining, Ernest locked the outer door and left the building, and hailing a passing cab he returned to his hotel, where sending for a messenger boy he gave him some money with instructions to go to a hardware store and purchase a large carpenter's auger, and have it well concealed in wrappings to the room. In less than a half hour Ernest was in possession of the simple tools he desired, and was soon busy with him a glimpse of the interior of Dr. Undine's office.

Once an impulse came into his mind, to call his valet and tell him of the contemplated night's work, but second thought, however, rejected the idea, believing that John would insist upon sharing the danger with his master's weak condition. To avoid any controversy with his servant, who was a great favorite, and a faithful friend, Ernest was kind to rebuke but did not care to heed.

So it happened that the young Englishman resolved to keep, for that night at least, the secret of his intended excursion from the knowledge of his servant, and when well on toward his second midnight, John experfully prepared everything for his master's comfort, not forgetting to place near at hand a soft dressing gown and chamber slippers, it was with a sigh of relief that the invalid heard his request to be absent for a part of the night.

It never occurred to Ernest to inquire where John was going. When the latter had performed the duties allotted to him, he was never questioned, and it was rather forcibly came to Ernest's mind that John had not exhibited as much zeal in the cause in which he had so faithfully promised to assist.

"But," thought he, "how can I expect him to be deeply interested in the fate of Marie? It is hardly natural, I suppose, or it is rather most unnatural, the hold my fancy has taken upon her. When I really need John's assistance I am sure it will be gladly given me, and soon, very soon, I will ask him about the room over the doctor's office and my plan of discovering the dark villain's intention."

But like many another human conclusion, that made by Ernest Hampton to keep his night journey secret from the faithful servant John, was a great mistake. Had he conversed with him freely, as had been his wont, his shipercharge have averted an impending menace, that hung over his head like a threatening storm "ready to strike, if need be, a fatal blow.

But not knowing, Ernest could not and did not prepare for the unseen, and so, when fatigued with reading the city's daily papers, and looking at his watch, he discovered it to be a quarter of 10 o'clock. "It is early yet," he cogitated, "though Dr. Undine may be in his office, but by the time I arrive there half hour later, I should judge that the coast might be clear," and throwing a light weight overcoat on his arm, after completing the toilet of his person, he waited in the wide front entrance while a porter called a cab. At the very moment when Lord Ernest stood in the big doorway John was walking away from the north entrance, and hurriedly boarding a car which he failed to see his master enter a handsom, which whirled along for a short distance beside the street car, then left Dearborn street and crossed over to State.

This story of a maiden's peril and the plotting to rob insurance companies is a true account of a crime which was recently done in by a Chicago lawyer. The startling story will be continued next week. Patterns and cameras are still being given to subscribers free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Kind.

Mrs. Kingley—The dressmaker says she wont make me another gown unless you pay her bill.

Mr. Kingley—That is good of her. God bless her!

Real Philosophy.

"Tis better to have loved and receive alimony than never to have loved at all.

Rather Discouraging.

Husband—What do you call this stuff?

Wife—Why, that's angel food.

Husband—Well, if that's what angels are compelled to live on I'm going to resign as deacon in our church.

An Odd Nest.

A correspondent of Cassell's Magazine records a curious freak on the part of some wasps in Gloucester, England.

The wasps were noticed going in and out of a lock which secured a workshop door. The owner of the shop had the lock removed to satisfy his curiosity about the doings of the busy workers. He found a nest inside. The cells were made of mud and were full of larvae. There were several dead wasps inside the lock.

As the lock was in almost daily use, the wasps could not have had a very peaceful home.

The Whole Thing.

Friend—You have always referred to your wife as your "better half." Now, how do you designate the baby?

Mr. Jarley—Oh, the baby is the whole thing.

OUR FIGHT AGAINST THE WHISKEY TRUST

At best is of little concern to ton. It may be interesting for you to watch us; and you may go so far as to wish us success, because every American freeborn citizen hates oppression and rejoices on "Trusts". What will, however, interest you as the prize we quote. We are not giving you "hot air" We give you what you "call facts." Examine our goods, and our prices, and taste "solid facts" will do the talking for us. Our prices are lower, our goods are just as good—in fact many say our goods are a little better than those purchased by any Trust Distiller.

A FEW SPECIAL ANTI-TRUST PRICES:

The Special offers named herewith are the greatest bargains ever offered the American public. The goods are the top notch of quality—the finest that can be produced. The prices of these Special Offers, if compared with Trust prices, will be found to be sadly worth double what we quote. You'll find them a little lower than the Wholesale price the Trust distillers, and if you reckon off the further profit the dealer has to make on you, you'll find that you are saving all the profits which the middlemen make on Trust-made goods.

Special Offer No. 17.

1 quart 10-year-old Rye or Bourbon	$ .75
1 quart 10-year-old Sour Mash	1.00
1 quart 10-year-old Rye Malt Whiskey	1.25
1 quart 10-year-old Cream Whiskey	1.00
1 quart 10-year-old White Corn Whiskey	.75
1 quart 10-year-old Rock and Rye	.75
Our regular Anti-Trust price	$5.50
Our Special Anti-Trust Cut Price	$4.07

6-QUART CASE FOR $4.97

The Trust charges $7.20 for these goods.

Special Offer No. 18.

4 quarts 12-year-old Smoky Hollow Rye, distilled from the finest Maryland Rye	$5.00
4 quarts 10-year-old Sour Mash Whiskey, purest Sour Mash ever distilled	4.00
Our regular Anti-Trust price	$9.00
Our Special Anti-Trust Cut Price	$7.57

8-QUART CASE FOR $7.57

The Trust charges $12.00 for these goods.

Special Offer No. 19.

4 quarts of our famous 12-year-old Smoky Hollow Rye Whiskey—the finest Rye ever distilled	$5.00
4 quarts of our unsurpassed 10-year-old Sour Mash	4.00
4 quarts of our 1899 Bourbon—never tried it	3.45
Sound all competition out of the market	
Our regular Anti-Trust price	$12.45
Our Special Anti-Trust Cut Price	$10.73

12-QUART CASE FOR $10.73

The Trust charges $18.50 for these goods.

This is the case you want. We can succeed, and shake our reputation on these goods. Send for a trial case.

Special Offer No. 20.

2 quarts 12-year-old Smoky Hollow Rye	$ 2.00
2 quarts 12-year-old Rye or Bourbon	1.50
2 quarts 10-year-old Rye Malt Whiskey	1.42
2 quarts 10-year-old Sour Mash	1.50
2 quarts 10-year-old Rock and Rye	1.50
2 quarts 7-year-old Cream Whiskey	1.00
Our regular Anti-Trust price	$11.04
Our Special Anti-Trust Cut Price	$9.71

12-QUART CASE FOR $9.71

The Trust charges $20.50 for these goods.

FREE with each order one handsomely engraved stemmed Whiskey Glass—or as a pocket flask Corkscrew absolutely free of charge.

WE SHIP in plain packages with no marks to indicate contents, and without charges to nearest express office.

WE REFER to the National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., Dun or Bradstreet's Agency, or any express office.

WE PRE-PAY all shipments to your nearest Express Office, if cash is in ordering any of the Special Offerings above. Or we will ship C. O. D. any way mention the number of the Offer you want.

THIS IS OUR OFFER

We will deliver to your nearest express office, charges prepaid, four full quarts of the celebrated Express Prepaid Rye or Bourbon Whiskey, or Malt Whiskey, or Sour Mash Whiskey for the Anti-Trust Cut Price of $2.85. If not entirely satisfactory, fully up to your expectation, and as good as any $4.00 Whiskey we see on the market, return it at our express charges and your money will be refunded by first mail.

Four Full Quarts Express Prepaid **$2.85**

A Startling Comparison

BETWEEN TRUST AND ANTI-TRUST PRICES.	Trust and Anti-Trust Cut Prices.	Our anti-trust cut price.
8—Year Old Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon. Double Copper Distilled. Owing to the low price we are obliged to limit the shipments amounting to ten (10) gallons to one order.	3.00 3.15 3.20 3.50	2.49
10—Year Old Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon. Double Copper Distilled.	4.20	2.85
89—Distilled Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon. Double Copper Distilled.	4.25 5.00	3.45
14—Year Old Green Mountain Rye. Made Sour Mash. Double Copper Distilled.	4.50 5.50	4.00
17—Year Old Green Mountain Smoky Hollow Rye. Double Copper Distilled.	7.00 8.75	5.00
14—Year Old Green Mountain Rye Malt Whiskey. Double Copper Distilled.	3.25 5.50	4.25

Special Offer No. 21.

1 quart 12-year-old Smoky Hollow Rye	$ 1.25
1 quart 10-year-old Sour Mash Whiskey	1.00
1 quart 10-year-old Rye Malt Whiskey	1.25
2 quarts 10-year-old Rye or Bourbon	1.42
2 quarts 10-year-old Rock and White Whiskey	1.50
1 quart 8-year-old White Corn Whiskey	.75
1 quart Peach Brandy	.75
1 quart Apple Brandy	.75
1 quart Finest Imported Cognac	1.00
1 quart Five Imported Holland Gin	.94
Our regular Anti-Trust price	$10.42
Our Special Anti-Trust Cut Price	$9.53

12-QUART CASE FOR $9.53

The Trust charges $15.75 for these goods.

Keg and Barrel Department.

Special Offer No. 24.

To introduce our 5-year-old goods to the people who have not used them, and to supply the demand for a low-priced Whiskey, we make this offer. Freight charges are prepaid to your nearest station. The barrel or kegs are new and packed carefully for shipment, and these "solid facts" will do the talking for us. Our prices are lower, our goods are just as good—in fact many say our goods are a little better than those purchased by any Trust Distillery.

5-gallon keg 5-year-old Rye or Bourbon, double copper distilled—Trust price $11.25; our Anti-Trust cut price	$11.21
10-gallon keg 5-year-old Rye or Bourbon, double copper distilled—Trust price $21.50; our Anti-Trust cut price	$21.17
20-gallon keg 5-year-old Rye or Bourbon, double copper distilled—Trust price $40.00; our Anti-Trust cut price	$39.84

Special Offer No. 25.

5-gallon keg 10-year-old, double copper distilled Rye or Bourbon Whiskey, prepaid to your station—Trust price $20.50; our Anti-Trust cut price	$19.83
10-gallon keg 10-year-old, double copper distilled Rye or Bourbon Whiskey, prepaid to your station—Trust price $37.50; our Anti-Trust cut price	$34.37
20-gallon keg 10-year-old double copper distilled Rye or Bourbon Whiskey, prepaid to your station—Trust price $68.50; our Anti-Trust cut price	$45.66

Orders may be Directed to any of our Warehouses, but for convenience sake address Warehouse nearest your Office.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Fla., Mont., N. Dak., New Mex., Nev., Utah, Ore., Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 gallons. We prepay freight.

M. C. REEFER, President.

Warehouse AC, St. Louis, Mo. Warehouse 052, Louisville, Ky.
Warehouse 27, Kansas City, Mo. Warehouse C2, Chicago, Illinois.

WAREHOUSES:
Louisville, Ky. Chicago, Illinois.
St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo.

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY

THIS PRICE LIST WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. CUT IT OUT IF YOU EXPECT TO REFER TO IT IN THE FUTURE

EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL ILLUSTRATED.

"Still holding his head high in the air, Gilbert Vavasour strode haughtily from the room.

Giving a Lucid Explanation.

"John," she said, "what do you men do at a stag party?"

He was thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"Well, Maria," he said, at last, "you know what you women do at a sewing society meeting?"

"Yes."

"Well, what we do at a stag party is just about as different from that as it well can be."

"Oh!" was her somewhat puzzled exclamation.

The Shadow of Death

need no longer cast its gaunt shadow athwart the quiet and sleeping dreams of the poor sufferer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, or St. Vitus' Dance, which have for generations been a constant menace to the poor victims who were subject to these frightful maladies. The success attending the treatment inaugurated by that foremost of specialists on this class of diseases, the eminent Professor Peeke, places his New Discovery among the beneficent achievements of the age. Wonderful indeed are the cures it has effected—not temporary alleviations, but radical and permanent cures. The marvellous testimonials, voluntary and unsolicited, which pour in upon him are an earnest of the noble work he is doing, and striking testimony of his efficiency. Send for the Free Remedies, and conscientiously following instructions, try them. They will prove as effective in your case as in the thousands they have already cured. Send your name, post office and express address to Professor Peeke, 4 Cedar Street, New York City.

Regular Thing Now.

Stranger in Pueblo coast photograph gallery—Why have you got this enormous stuffed fish hanging here?

Photographer—That is for the use of persons who wish to send to their friends in the east a picture of one of the 250-pound sea bass they have just caught with a hook and line.

YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE NORTHWEST!

"Opportunity," an illustrated monthly paper, tells all about the wonderful Northwest, regardless of price of the paper is 50c. a year. Send 10c. in silver and mention name of paper in which this ad. appears, and "Opportunity" will be sent you, postage paid, for one year. Address Opportunity Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Man.

"If only it were worthstafed me to make man just what I want him to be!" exclaimed Woman, sadly.

The fates laughed unmodcrately.

"Why, you'd probably endow him with so much horse sense that he wouldn't care to marry at all!" retorted these, and laughed again.

The woman bit her lip. She could not deny that she was prone to egregious error of judgment.

Discovered by a Woman.
I have discovered a positive cure for all female disorders and the pain. I want to send a cure free to any of the various diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhoea, displacements, painful periods, and will gladly send a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. J. Miller, box 124, Kokomo, Ind.

What Did He Mean?

"It's raining so hard, Mr. Trekkers, hadn't you better stay and take dinner with us?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Stingay; the weather surely can't be as bad as all that."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Misapprehension Corrected.

Host—Has Nordewell gone west to settle?

Jones—No; he's gone west to avoid settling.

True Enterprise.

"Anyone killed in that fire down at the Old Maid's Home?" asked the Great Editor of the Assistant.

"Naw; nothin' but nine cats," said the Assistant, who was not alive to the possibilities of yellow journalism.

"Great Scott, man!" yelled the Great Editor. "Rush an extra on the streets and run a red ink headline clear across the front page, saying, 'Eighty-one Lives Lost!' "

Why They Don't Marry.

Miss Leftover—You are a woman hater, I hear.

Mr. Slimpurse—That is a mistake. I merely cannot afford to marry.

Miss Leftover—Cannot you support a wife?

Mr. Slimpurse—Oh, yes; I could support a wife easy enough, but I haven't income enough to support the two or three other women she would need to wait on her.

Disturbed Dream.

Reginald—Darling, I could float out here forever and ever and never—

Voice from Shore—Say, young fellow, don't forget that boat is a dollar an hour and you owe for two hours now.

Reginald—I do not remember—Here, for the love of goodness, take this oar and help me pull ashore.

Detecting a Fraud.

Mrs. Bridge—Do you call that a round steak that you sent up this morning?

Butcher—Yes'm.

Mrs. Bridge—Well, I have tried it with a pair of compasses and I wish to tell you, sir, that it is very far from the street circle in shape. I shall favor some other stand with my trade hereafter.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send Free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. Full size bottle sent free. MRS. L. V. HUDSON, South Bend, Ind.

A Real Calamity.

The Father—You have rescued my daughter from drowning. What shall be your reward?

The Stranger—Don't mention it. I'll send you a bill. I'm a specialist from New York.

The Father—Good heavens! I'm ruined!

Hard to Believe.

Binary Bill—Wuz yer ever real hungry in yer life?

Pan Handle Pete—Wuz I? Say! I wuz worst so hungry dat I gave away a dime I blowed a nickel fer it for food.

Cut Not Indeed.

"Askeer says he aims to be a friend in need."

"Well, he is. I seldom see him that he is not in need of borrowing at least a quarter."

Awful Possibility.

"What bold headland is that?" inquired the stranger, who was traveling on the majestic Hudson.

"That is St. Anthony's Nose," answered the frequent passenger.

"What a disturbance it would make," mused the other, "if he should ever blow it."

Brotherly Assistance.

Rodrick—They say that Booker was held up by masked men the other night.

Van Albert—Yes; it was at the masquerade ball. If they hadn't held him up he'd never got home.

More Spirits.

Agent—I must tell you that this house is haunted; but you don't mind hearing a mysterious tapping?

Dugan—Not if we're a bag of beer.

Tight Fits.

"Shoes and bathing suits," said the janitor philosopher, "are the only women always get too small for them."

Love's Grammar.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Mille," said Achey, with trembling voice and wabbling chin.

"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said, demurely.

"Because I see 'no' in your eyes."

"In both of them?"

"Yes-es."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist, instantly!"

But he didn't.

Overawed.

Mrs. Nurich—I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do with that father o' yours.

Mr. Nurich—What's up now?

Mrs. Nurich—He insists on smokin' in the parlor, an' he wont mind me.

Mr. Nurich—Just tell the butler to speak to him. He's scared o' him.

Decidedly Unsophisticated.

Jack—That little girl I'm in love with now is a perfect little wildflower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's never even been waltzed with.

George—Well? Well!

Jack—That's true. Never been anything but engaged a few times.

Aggrieved.

"It is an outrage," exclaimed the excitable young man with the very foreign accent. "The father of the young lady offered a marriage settlement of a hundred thousand dollars."

"It isn't much of a dowry."

"My dear friend; it is not a dowry at all; it is a tip."

Lothario.

Mrs. Innocentia Gayboy—I have no trouble in getting my husband to make love to me.

Miss Kandor—Nor I.

Mrs. Innocentia Gayboy—You silly girl. You have no husband.

Miss Kandor—Of course not. I didn't say I had.

It Would Seem So.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's failed at it.

Teaching Him His Business.

Wayfarer (in Lauisville)—Please, sir, give me a dime. I haven't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday.

Colonel Bourbon—That's no way to tackle a Kentucky gentleman! The next time you meet one say: "I haven't had a drink for half an hour."

The Boston Baby.

Stranger—I think, madam, that your child must have a pin discommoding it somewhere.

Boston Mother (severely)—My baby, sir, does not cry over such trivial things as that. He has just heard how ill Hennis acted in it.

Beating Dame Nature.

Drummer—It just beats all. I'm traveling for an umbrella house, and every place I've been it has been raining in a drought.

Inventor—I am traveling with a rain-proofing preparation and every town I've struck was knee-deep in mud.

Drummer—I say, let's travel together.

Goes the Limit.

Wigg—Blonee is fond of studying out the puzzles in the magazines, isn't he?

Wagg—Yes; it's a perfect craze with him. He even reads magazine poetry.

Almost Startling.

"It seems strange that such an old man should be in love with me."

"Yes; doesn't it? Usually they are after some young girl."

Philosophical.

Here the man entered for he was a weary of working.

"A better half is better than no leaf at all," he observed, not unphilosophically.

How Could it Be Expected?

"You said," asserted the irate customer, "that this tonic would make hair grow."

"I did," admitted the clerk.

The customer removed his hat and showed a head as smooth as a billiard ball.

"I've been using that tonic for three months," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the clerk, promptly. "You have no hair to grow. If you had the tonic would work all right. What more can you expect?"

A Mean Fellow.

First Broker—Of all the mean, despicable, dishonorable fellows, I think Quotem is the worst.

Second Broker—You don't say! What has he done?

Second Broker—He made a big pile in that last stock flurry, and now he's going to retire from business and live on the money instead of giving his old true and tried friends a fair chance to get it away from him.

Proof Positive.

Husband—Who was that at the door

Wife—Oh, only a tramp from Boston.

Husband—Did you say he was from Boston?

Wife—No; but instead of asking for something to eat he wanted to know if I could oblige him with an old pair of spectacles.

Philosophic.

"Poor b'ye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast, "'tis tough luck teh hav yer hand blowed off."

"Och! Faith, it moight 'ave bin wurse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose Oi'd had me week's wages in it at the toime!"

Nothing to Envy.

Tess—Have you seen your brother's fiancee?

Jess—No; but I fancy she's very homely.

Tess—Why?

Jess—My brother says all her girl friends speak of her in the highest terms.

In the Presence of Greatness.

Parke—I suppose you have great hopes of that new baby of yours, have you?

Lane—Well, yes; I have, old man. When I think of him as a baby I like to be I fairly tremble at my own insignificance.

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HONORS EASY.

She—You know, John, you promised me a sealskin wrap, and——

He—And you promised to keep my stockings darned, and you haven't done it."

She—Well, you mean to say you'll break your promise on that account?

He—Well, it's just like this: You don't give a darn and I don't care a wrap.

STORYETTES.

Very Resourceful.

"I'll never be even civil to a man again," muttered the brown-eyed girl.

The blue-eyed girl shrugged her shoulders incredulously. "Have your unsophisticated affections been trifled with?"

"It is worse than that. A man I don't even like thinks I am in love with him."

"Did you give him cause?"

"Indeed I did not. Only a conceited prig could have mistaken my manner. You know, I have just returned from Cousin Nan's summer cottage. There was a bachelor next door. I don't know how long he has been a bachelor, but long enough to be utterly selfish and uninteresting. He ran in every day and I told Nan's husband that it was better to be lonely than to be bored. Then in some unexplainable way I got it into my head that he had been in love with Cousin Nan and was still true to her memory."

"You—a Chicago girl and thinking that? You are queer," commented the blue-eyed girl.

"I know it, but it made him interesting. His stupid expression seemed soulful and when he shook hands with Cousin Nan I fancied that I could see a wistful expression, and when he kissed her children I felt sure that only a strong will was keeping back his tears. I thought him so noble, so uncomplaining, and I tried to enter into all his moods. It wasn't very thrilling, but as there were no other men around I thought it wouldn't hurt me to be good to him and cheer him up as much as I could. We rode and walked together in sympathetic silence, and I felt sure that he understood, for he told Nan that I was such a restful girl. One evening we stood on the porch and I thought of the years of loneliness before him and my heart ached. Picking up his hand, I held it for a second against my cheek, and said 'Good night' very abruptly and went into the house."

"No wonder he thought that you were in love," interrupted the blue-eyed girl.

"Nonsense! As a man picked up a girl's hand she wouldn't think that he was in love—she would know that he was simply affected by the moon or something he had eaten for dinner."

"Of course he proposed?"

"Hardly. This story isn't in any story book. He was frightened to death and never called again. I found out afterward that he had never been in love with any one except himself—conceited pig!"

The blue-eyed girl looked thoughtful. "If you want to be awfully popular I'll tell you how if you will promise never to breathe it."

"I promise anything."

"Well, I'll tell you my own experience. Last summer there was only one eligible man at the summer resort and I knew that my chances for a good time were slim, for the other girls were younger and more attractive. Then some one who didn't know told that man that the man I was engaged to died and since that time I had been different to men. It was much better to have him think that than to know the real unromantic truth, so I dropped several remarks which would confirm his opinion. He had not even looked at me before, but after that he began studying my face as though there would be no end to the way I hid my true feelings. For though my heart was broken only a very close observer would have guessed it. To make a long story short, he died—and I was very safe for the summer girl and he showered his attentions on me, and I accepted them with an understanding-you-are-sir. It worked so beautifully that I now have six men trying to make me forget their sorrow, unknown sorrow, for they all feel sure that I can't fall in love."

"But do you think any of them will propose?"

"I hope not. I don't want to have a good thing spoiled."

Then the blue-eyed girl began looking over her engagement book for the week.—Chicago News.

Her Fortnight Vacation.

"To have a two weeks holiday," said the busy woman, "is almost worse than having no holiday at all. When I found that I could get away for a fortnight I was perfectly delighted and naturally I told all my friends. Then I began to make plans. At first I thought I would go to Buffalo, taking in Niagara, Chautauqua, and other points of interest near at hand; but even as a boy looking up a schedule and preparing to go I was bored. My aunt came in and suggested that I take her girl with me, and the child fairly ate up the exposition, she said.

"Dear me," said I, dispiritedly, at that. 'I'm very sorry, but I just decided that I can rest better by going to some quiet seashore—Cape May, for instance. By dint of bathing in the surf and going to bed early I'll feel better in no time, I'm sure.'

"I will not take children around with me," said I to myself.

Then on the point of writing for rates to Cape May, when a friend suggested that at Cape May, when a friend suggested that at Cape May my family to the Adirondacks. This sounded enticing, and I was about to accept when I mentioned the subject at home. My aunt said trenchantly that if I were going to visit anyone she would think I'd come to see something of my own relatives, and that her farm in one of the lower counties offered surprising advantages to overworked people, and I hadn't been there for years. Which I needed was woody odors.

"A cousin recommended, in her turn, a sanitarium somewhere in Pennsylvania, intended mainly for brain-workers off for a holiday where the diet is suited to rundown, nervous systems, and the hours are those of a well-regulated hospital. My cousin said that she supposed I wouldn't object to having bottles of medicine on the dinner table, for they had those at every properly conducted sanitarium, but that this was the very place for me to spend a languant two weeks and get rested for next season.

"My sister advised a trip to Boston by sea, and said that she would be glad to go with me as my guest, and my brother suggested what he called a 'time' in New York City to chirp me up for the onerous duties of the fall. Catalogues and prospectuses began to pour in upon me about this pe iod, and I spent a very trying week with dressmakers getting a going-away wardrobe. Then, when my fortnight finally came, I was so tired out that I simply stayed quietly at home, going out at night only, but resting in our cool drawing room during the day.

"Perhaps it did me as much good as mountains or sea air, that rest, but at all events. It had one highly satisfactory feature to me—I hadn't taken any one's advice."

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

Fannie Footlights—So your front-row admirer has gone back on you? Oh, well, cheer up and remember that there are good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Flora-Fleet—Oh, but he wasn't a fish—he was a lobster.

No one had mentioned staying at home—neither friend or relative—and I was decidedly content with my holiday, therefore.

Remarkable Happenings.

"I have got just $5,000 to spend in building a house," said the confiding man who had dropped into the office of the architect, "and I want you to draw me the plans for a good two-story frame dwelling that can be built for that sum, counting materials, work and all."

So the architect drew the plans and specifications for a $5,000 house, and the man subsequently built it for that sum, with $6.37 to spare, which he spent in giving the architect a dinner at a downtown restaurant.

A woman awoke in the middle of the night with a shriek.

"John," she cried to her husband, "my sister Jane is dead! I know it! I have just had a frightfully vivid dream about her!"

But her husband quieted her, and presently she went to sleep, her cheeks still wet with tears.

Then he noted the exact hour at which his wife had had her dream.

The next day he can be verified by anybody who is skeptical, no messenger of any sort came with a telegram containing the sad news of her sister Jane's death, who, at last accounts, was still alive and well.

"Curses on my folly!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Robinson, when about half way down town.

It was a beautiful day, and there was not a cloud in the sky.

He had donned his high silk hat and forgotten his umbrella.

Sulli—mark the statement—it did not rain. In fact it didn't rain for nearly two weeks after that.

Just Like Postscripts.

The great lawyer had drawn up the woman's will and was reading it over to her. When he had finished she expressed her satisfaction.

"That's right," she said. "There are some mighty queer words in it, but it has the right meaning."

The lawyer took five sheets of blank legal cap paper and fastened them to the will.

"What are you doing with all that paper?" she asked.

"Madame," he replied politely, "you are yet comparatively young and presumably have many years to live. Knowing a little about your sex, I am merely making a proper provision for the codicils."

Statistics Proved It.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Do you believe the world is getting better?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I certainly do.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Well, here's a paragraph in this paper which says the postal receipts this year will reach $111,000,000. In 1890 they were only $60,000,000.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What's that got to do with it?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—A good deal. It shows that there are fewer husbands now who forget to mail their wives' letters.

A Frank Analysis.

"Who is your favorite composer?" inquired the visitor.

"I s'pose you mean classical," responded Mr. Dumpsey.

"Certainly."

"Wagner," was the answer. "Gimme Wagner. Some of those other music writers start in with a tune, but as soon you get your foot going steady in time to it they break it off in a way that pretty near sprains your ankle. But Wagner never fools you. He plays fair. You know from the beginning that you ain't going to find anything, and you might as well go to sleep or read the advertisements in the program."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Envy is the lowest known form of praise.

A woman seldom forgives until after she forgets.

Some poems show considerable feeling, yet they fail to touch.

The cart usually precedes the horse when a back-up is necessary.

The contrary man is always on the fence ready to jump either way.

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The Accusing Left Hand.

Was the Guilty One a Man or Woman --- The Dangling Noose---A Mystery Made Plain.

By HERO STRONG,
Author of "Sworn to Be Dumb," Etc.
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Begun in No. 33, Sept. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

The world might suspend its judgment on Galbraith Harding—the wealthy magnate of Ilion—the aristocratic and haughty bank president who had regarded the common people as so much dirt under his feet—for he had passed beyond the judgment of any earthly tribunal.

A stroke of apoplexy, the physicians said, after they had made their extensive and learned examination; but many of those who believed in special dispensations of Providence, said it was a visitation of God.

Mr. Wing was as imperturbable as ever over the result.

"It was a particularly neat case, and it was not without its parallel in the annals," said he. And it was one one of those cases in which the criminal rendered most efficient aid in putting the rope around his own neck. And as a lover of artistic work in our profession, I should not be sorry to have seen the matter worked out to its legitimate end. But we have to learn to bear these disappointments. But there is one thing that chagrins me, and it will always remain a cloud upon my self-estimation. I never have been able to obtain the slightest clue as to who was the man that did that clever job of masonry beneath the safe of the First National. He was a genius in his line, and I congratulate him on having been able to keep his identity concealed. I have devoted many a sleepless night to studying him."

"Lord bless you!" ejaculated Mr. Billings, as he refreshed himself with a bran new quid, "It's more than as likely as not that the Colonel did it himself. He used to be a mason by trade, before he went into stocks and got a-ridin' to the place in the bank. And a first rate workman he was, too. Built the chimney in the house I live in, and a rattling good one she is too. Never smoked a whiff, and my women kindle the fire with carryssene, and burns green wood some considerable. You can bet your boots he built that a purpose, my hinsect!"

An examination of Col. Harding's affairs revealed the fact that he was deeply involved, and that if he had lived it would have been only a matter of a few weeks before he must have gone into insolvency. Reckless speculations had dissipated his handsome property, and at last, despairing he had sought an alliance with Virginia Wharton in order to bolster up the tottering fabric of his fortunes with the money such an alliance would bring.

Of course, John Sherwood was at once released, and his friends were loud in their congratulations. Many were the asserts him that they had never for a moment believed in his guilt, and that they had known all along just how it would turn out. It is always so dead easy to tell how a thing will turn out after it is all over.

But Virginia Wharton observed that while Stanwood was among the first warm congratulating, he never once turned his eyes in her direction, and that he did not apparently notice that she left the court room without speaking to him.

She went home to a night of sleeplessness and distress. He knew, he must know that she had cared for him unasked, and that she had done what no modest maiden should have done. And then, after a long journey of thousands of miles, to warn him of impending danger, and to be assured of the love she bore him.

That terrible detective had discovered it. He knew that she and John Stanwood unasked. Had he not said that there were no reasons why he should not, and could not apparently notice that she left the court room without speaking to him?

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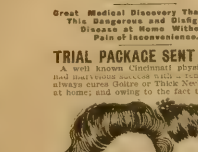

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Accusing Left Hand.

How far was it to Plainwood? Fifty miles—two hours and three quarters. It was all that Stanwood could do to confine himself to his seat. He longed to cramp the length of the car, and thus groan, at least, to be lessening the distance between him and Plainwood.

People looked wonderingly at his white face, and sternly compressed lips. One motherly looking old lady inquired if he had been ill, and it never occurred to him that he ought to answer. The young man wondered on. It really seemed to creep. It stopped every half mile for some stupid passenger to get off, or get on. The train was well up toward noon when at last it drew slowly into the station at Plainwood.

"Plainwood?" somebody in the seat behind Stanwood was saying, "why, that's the place where that awful accident was yesterday morning."

"Yesterday!" Was it yesterday? Why it seemed an eternity since he had bought that paper, and read in its fine, columns those two words—"Fatally hurt."

He rushed out of the train as soon as it halted, and asked the first person he met where the people were who had been hurt. In the accident yesterday.

"Some of 'em over to Browdy's house," said the man, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of some buildings dimly visible a quarter of a mile, some of 'em over to Strout's. Strout's the undertaker, you know."

At which place should he seek her? God knew.

He went on a short distance, and then he asked a boy the nearest way to Drowdy's. He had to cross a field, and then go on among a wilderness of green trees and shrubbery, with large barns in the open ground, and cows feeding on a sloping hillside.

Reckon you've got somebody there that was hurt yesterday?" said the boy inquiringly.

Stanwood did not heed him, but plunged on through a bit of wet ground that lay between him and the house of Drowdy. He went through a vegetable garden, and up a lane bordered by fruit trees, and by a seat at the end of the lane under a cottonwood tree.

The man's eyes felt like two balls of fire, and his throat was dry and parched, but his heart seemed strangely hard to send up into his throat. He felt so faint and dizzy that he had to support himself by the trunk of a drunken man. He stopped a moment, and leaned against the cottonwood tree.

Then he saw that a woman was sitting on the bench beneath the cottonwood tree. A woman with a hat on, and her head. She would know she could not him in worst. Besides that The Chicago Ledger to brace himself to put the question?

He straightened himself, and remember that he was a man, and should have a man's courage to meet whatever fate was in store for him.

He took a few uncertain steps toward the woman, and then he stood quite still, as if paralyzed, as to speak.

"Stop!" he said hoarsely, "I want to ask you—to ask you—Great heavens! Virginia!"

Yes," she said in a trembling voice. "Virginia. Is—is anything the matter? Is—is that you had started—forward.

"And I thought you were fatally hurt. Oh, Virginia! Virginia!"

The girl's face had fallen back. Her face was scarlet, and her down cast eyes were not once lifted to his. He had seized her two trembling hands in his.

My God, be cruel, it is death to us—to go face with you—to know you are alive, and unhurt! Why did they put that dreadful lie in the paper? So you have not been killed—not dead—not—Well if it had been true, it would have cost me my life!"

It was a mistake, and though it could did not once try to withdraw her hands, her arms which were holding her so close that her voice came in muffled tones to Stanwood's ears, "I was stunned by the shock of the collision, and I believe I took me for you. I—I—I—Oh, Jack, I was so glad to see all. And in the confusion of that dreadful time, it was quite easy for a mistake like to make some mistakes. Mamma has a badly strained wrist, but she is getting on nicely, she feels strong enough to travel. How did you happen to be here?"

"How did I happen to be here? You may well ask the question. I was on my way to Idaho, and I saw in a paper that you were fatally hurt." Did you think I would go anywhere but to you, my darling, my darling in my arms?" Virginia, where else should I be but here—by your side—my darling?"

"That is why should you not be here even if I were not hurt?" asked the girl with arch mischief.

"Virginia," said the man, who by this time was sitting on the bench beside her, "I will take no more chances. You must know that I love you, that you must understand something of what it was to me to read in that paper that you were fatally hurt. I have been in an unbearable hell for the last fifteen hours. I fancied you suffering, dead—lost to me forever! Oh, Virginia, my love! my darling! Nothing shall keep me silent any longer! Tell me the truth. Why did you go to Idaho to live with that Col. Harding meant to charge me with the death of your father?

She glanced up at him shyly, and before the passion glowing in his eyes, a sweet, crimson came into her face. Her lips trembled, but they gave utterance to the sweetest words Stanwood had ever listened to.

"Because I loved you, John."

And even before she had finished, Stanwood had kissed the blushing face from the blushing face so near his own—so dangerously and temptingly near that who could blame him?

"I have been a fool," he said, by and by, when he could speak coherently. "I thought I was his own—and only his—I ought to have known that no woman would have taken the trouble to make all that long journey simply out of pity. I ought to have known that—"

"Stupid, yes, quite—beauty, I think, thank heaven, I am also now."

"And you never spoke to me, or even looked at me, the last day of the journey," said Virginia, with a tender reproachfulness in her voice.

"I was afraid I would betray myself before two hours longer you would know different. How could I look at you that day, or speak to you—

you how I loved you? I could not have—I believe my face was—was—Virginia, perfectious people would have considered my conduct decorous. I wanted you all to myself, dearest, and I called at your home only to find you had fled. Why did you go?"

"Because I was a stupid fool, I suppose," said Virginia; "I was in doubt—I did not know whether you cared for me, or thought you did not, and it drove me wild to think you—you—Jack, you have been watching me so long should think that I—I loved you unasked. And I wanted to get away from it all. I did not know that you would come."

"Virginia, more than once in the past have I been upon the verge of declaring what was in my heart for you, but there have been reasons which made me hesitate. I knew that there were persons who had a suspicion that I might have been concerned in the murder of your father. Circumstances were in some like against me. That period, I knew would be telling evidence against me, for in some mysterious way I had lost it, and there seemed to be no manner in which I could institute any search for it without arousing suspicion. I could not in justice to you, to myself, declare my love with this cloud hanging over me, and liable to break at any moment. And,—and Virginia, forgive me, dear, but it is best that all should be open and honest between us—Sometimes I fancied that you had a fear of me."

"I did. Oh, John, can you ever forgive me? I knew papa was rather provoking when he was roused, and I was afraid there might have been some awful quarrel—Oh, I don't like to talk about it."

"And we will not," said Stanwood with emphasis. "Let the dead put away its dead. We have each other, and there shall be no more doubts about that."

Half an hour afterward, Drowdy, coming up the lane driving the oxen to water, saw Stanwood and Virginia sitting on the bench so utterly absorbed in each other that they did not see him.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said the old man to himself if that don't beat all spoons I ever see in these parts. Git up there, Buck. Clean gone, both of 'em."

Mrs. Wharton went back to North Carolina. They returned to B— and John Stanwood became a lawyer.

Mrs. Wharton declared that it was the most delightful honeymoon on record, when Stanwood asked her to consent to his marriage with her daughter, before he returned to B—, and that settled it. It was the very last of September.

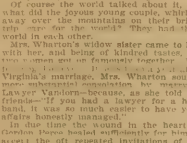
"Why, you must be crazy!" she said, in her astonishment, "it would take at the least two months to get Virginia's outfit and the trousseau ready. You have no idea how slow these first class dressmakers are! And Virginia must have a dozen fine dresses to wear! We have been so broken up lately that no one could think of clothes. You certainly must wait still after Christmas."

"I can wait longer than the twenty-fifth of October, said Stanwood, my dear Mrs. Wharton, I must go back to the Royal Valley before November 1st, and I am not going alone. Give your daughter to me, and I promise you she shall let us be happy."

Mrs. Wharton yielded though it was a terrible disappointment to her that her only daughter should be married without a suitable outfit and a fashionable wedding.

Of course the word talked about, but what did the happy young couple, wishing away over the mountains on their bridal trip, care for the world? They had their world in each other.

Mrs. Wharton's widow sister came to live with her, and between the kindred ones the two women got on famously together. Not



In the Dark.

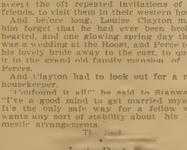
even Virginia's marriage, Mrs. Wharton sought more eagerly than the society of Mrs. Lawyer Vanlorn—because, as she told her friends—"If you had a lawyer for a husband, it was the best thing in the world to have your business managed."

In the time spent in the heart of Carolina Pines healed sufficiently for him to accept the oft repeated invitations of his friends, to visit them in their western home.

And before long, Louise Clayton made him forget that he had ever been broken hearted, and one glowing spring day there was a wedding at the Roost, and Percy took his lovely bride away to the east, to queen it in the grand old family mansion of the Percys.

And Clayton had to look out for a new housekeeper.

"Confound it all!" he said to Stanwood "I've a good mind to get married myself! It's the only safe way for a fellow who wants any sort of stability about his domestic arrangements."



Mamma Bloodhound—Who put that horrid clothespin on my little sonny's nose?

Papa Bloodhound—I did, my dear, but I'm very pinying blind-ban's buff and I'll id.

Force of Habit.

"I should think I would have such a disorderly husband," said the relative who was dining at the hotel.

"I do," replied the wife. "It's my fault. He used to be a customs official, and whenever he sees a trunk he can't resist the temptation to scatter the contents all over the floor."

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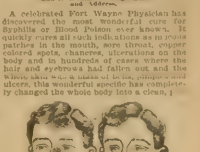

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fect condition of physical health. State Medical Institute, Fort Wayne, Ind. I can never thank you for my present good health and recovery from a case of syphilis. I had two big ulcers, my hair was falling out, one of my testicles was gone and all my bones ached as if I had the rheumatism. I was in a terrible condition, and your remedy is all you claim it to be. Yours truly, Frank I. Would advise every man that has syphilis or takes it for cure, to go to Fort Wayne for a great health restorer and blood purifier in my case. I had tried all kinds of patent medicines and three different doctors had given me up. They could do nothing for me but take my money. Your remedy is a God-send to me and if you wish to refer anyone to me, you are at liberty to do so. I am glad to answer any questions and aid others suffering as I did. Respectfully yours, I did myself. I am your sincere friend and former patient, Gus Saurwine, 838 Lindsay Ave., Toledo, Ohio."

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Or,

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[illegible]APTER VIII.
[illegible]AKING PROGRESS

[illegible] is vacation sped rap- [illegible]

[illegible] had read in the daily papers of [illegible] at State street bridge, and had [illegible] dog belonging to Ralph [illegible] [illegible]ued from the turbid waters of the body of the unfortunate in- [illegible]

[illegible] of yours [illegible] the morning [illegible] turn. [illegible] and Hero is his name, [illegible] "It was terrible. I felt [illegible] for Tom and his mother. [illegible] [illegible]art-broken, for her husband [illegible] been a drunkard and she had hopes that he would reform."

"Whisky, my boy, is the curse of the century, and it fastens itself upon its vic- [illegible] fetters of steel."

[illegible] Murry, sir, the drowned [illegible] father of To[illegible] who applied for the position of office boy and whos[illegible] cigarettes dropped to the floor when you withdrew the [illegible]kerchief from his pocket. He has [illegible] smoked a cigarette or told a lie [illegible] [illegible]obert related all the events [illegible] spent in the park, concluding with the final scene at the bridge and hi[illegible] attending the funeral at the widow's resi- [illegible]

[illegible] me of th[illegible] [illegible] ad has mad[illegible] [illegible] much, [illegible] and we [illegible] [illegible] a position with the firm several [illegible] earlier than he [illegible] hoped to.

"I know I ow[illegible] all to you, Robert," he [illegible]

"[illegible] no," exclaimed Robert. "You owe it to keeping your good resolutions and to Mr. Mills' faith that you will be true to yourself in the future."

Robert, before taking his vacation, had frequently seen Lem Carey in the vicinity of the store. And on several occasions at the noon hour and just before the hour of closing at night, had encountered David and [illegible]m in the sample room and other departments.

[illegible]e now noticed that not a day passed but [illegible]t Lem put in his appearance.

On one occasion about a week after he [illegible]d returned, he saw Lem leave the store from the side entrance, and a few minutes [illegible] he was sent to one of the express of- [illegible]

Before reaching there he encountered the suspicious Carey again, and though he had left the store with empty hands, he now carried a large square package on one [illegible]. The thought entered Robert's [illegible]

"There is bulk enough there for a dozen boxes of cigars, but Lem did not procure that package at the store."

It worried him considerably that Carey should be so often about the store, but he thought, "If there is anything wrong going on, others would know it."

Finally, one day, he chanced to be in the city delivery department, and was surprised to see a single wagon driven up in front of the door by no other person than Lem Carey.

One of the city salesmen was standing near with his order book, and he read from it to the delivery clerk:

"Lem Carey & Company: 2 cases 2lb. cans tomatoes; 2 cases 2lb. cans corn; [illegible] cases 2lb. cans green peas; 1 case Eagle Brand condensed milk; 1 keg pickles; ½ barrel white fish."

While Lem was backing, getting his wagon in position, Robert said:

"Is this young man one of your custom[illegible]s, Mr. Wheeler?"

"Not much of one, Rob. He has opened [illegible] little grocery out on Leavit street, I believe. He can't carry much stock. He has bought half a dozen small bills here, but this is the most extensive one I ev[illegible]r sold him, and the whole in this case scarcely amounts to twenty dollars."

"Out on Leavit street," thought Robert. "Buying groceries for a little store. He cannot be stealing them, then. I wonder who is the partner? 'Lem Carey & Company.' Lem is getting on in the world."

The time pas[illegible] [illegible]dily on without any [illegible] developn[illegible] [illegible]l the advent of the [illegible]ew year and the date of the January in- [illegible] of stock. Then there was a slight sur- [illegible] even the senior partner.

[illegible]s found that the shortage for the past six months almost quadrupled that of any other like period. The total value of the leakage, as it was termed, was something in excess of three thousand six hundred dollars. Cigars alone showed a shortage of two hundred and eighty-seven [illegible]

"[illegible]mething is decidedly wrong," said Mr. Holcomb. "There can no longer be a doubt that we are being systematically robbed."

"I am almost forced to your belief, Philip, but as I sta[illegible] last July, there is no one I [illegible] [illegible] But I am bound to un- [illegible] who are plun- [illegible] will take t[illegible]

"Very good," [illegible] "Of course [illegible] and th[illegible] [illegible] cannot afford [illegible]

"[illegible] [illegible]aimed Mr. Holc[illegible] decided.

The subject was here dropped from c[illegible] the mind of Philip [illegible]

[illegible] Merton versus [illegible] [illegible]ompany, was calle[illegible] [illegible] Hughs' court on the seventh of [illegible] every witness who had been sum- [illegible] [illegible] corporation announ[illegible] [illegible] for trial." Judge Hughs' warning [illegible] the case should come to trial at the [illegible] [illegible]eady or not ready," had [illegible]

The jury to try the case were empanel[illegible]d on the morning of the eighth, and evidence was soon being taken.

Ralph, seated as usual in the vehicle he had occupied for four years, looked pale and thoughtful and received sympathy from all sides.

Why dwell on the features of the t[illegible] The action had been brought for twenty five thousand dollars damage. Culpabl[illegible] negligence w[illegible] clearly shown on the part of the company. They had allowed imperfect grip cars to leave their shops and had placed human life in jeopardy.

It was not for the public to ascertain whether the grip of the advance car was in proper order—the public relied on the companies having franchises to transport citizens, to protect their patrons as the law requires.

The jury reached a verdict without leaving their box. They found in favor of the plaintiff and awarded him twenty-five thousand dollars damages.

A murmur of approval went through the court room; but it was followed by hisses when the corporation attorney gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court.

There was yet another delay for poor Ralph. But he was quite reconciled, as the case had finally gone to the court of last resort. Perhaps he would have been reconciled even had the case been yet again continued in the lowr court; for just at this tim Ralph was rendered, if not the happiest young man in Chicago, certainly the happiest one in his unfortunate condition.

His painting of Jennie and her cubs, had for two weeks, been hanging in Chicago's Art Gallery, with the words beneath it, "For Sale."

The painting had been placed there by Mr. Hutchins, who had determined to purchase it himself, but desired to ascertain how high the work stood in the opinion of other critics.

The secretary was told to keep a record of all offers, and that the painting on the morning of January 5th, might be claimed by the highest bidder.

The first bid received had been one hundred dollars; the second two hundred; then two hundred and fifty, three hundred, three hundred and fifty, four hundred. Finally, on the morning of the fifth, a gentleman from Paris offered five hundred dollars for it.

"It will never do for this work to leave our city," said Mr. Hutchins. "Place my bid on it at six hundred. Notify all the parties when they appear at ten o'clock. If any of them make an offer in excess of that amount, let them have the painting. The young man can make me a copy of it."

At the time stated, the bidders were all present.

"Mr. Hutchins' offer of six hundred dollars is in excess of all others," said the secretary; "and unless some one of you gentlemen care to make a higher offer, the painting will go to him."

There was but one who evinced a disposition to do so; that one was the French critic.

"The work is worth all of six hundred dollars," he s[illegible]id. "If it had been executed b[illegible] an artist of [illegible]nown, it would be worth ve[illegible] much more. I shall not enter the [illegible] against my friend, Mr. Hutchins. I will give the young artist an order for a life work at the same price."

That evening, Mr. Hutchins, accompanied by Mr. LaMoyne, the French critic [illegible]alled on the artist, when the Parisian was introduced to Ralph.

Great was that gentleman's astonishment that one in his condition was the author of t[illegible] he had desired to possess.

[illegible] [illegible]claimed Ralph. "[illegible] dreamed of such a sum for my work."

The critic placed before him the written offers for the picture.

"What do you think now?" he asked, his face radiant with the joy he felt. "You see, I am not disposed to pay more than the value of the work. Mr. LaMoyne has called to offer you a like amount for a copy of the painting."

"Can it be po[illegible]sible?"

"It is very true, my boy," said the Frenchman. "I wish it for my gallery in Paris and believe me, nothing unworthy would be placed there. I hope you may yet so far recover the use of your limbs as to be able to visit our city. My home shall be open to you, and all our artists will delight to aid and encourage you. You should become a master in your profession. I doubt not that you will."

Tears streamed from the eyes of the overjoyed young man, as he clasped the hand of this new friend.

"If I only dared hope," he [illegible]aid, in a broken voice.

"Medical talent can do much, and is [illegible]king great strides," said Mr. La Moyne. "In Paris almost miracles are being performed. We must have you there. Cling to hope. Remember, it alone remained in Pandora's [illegible]. It alone will bear you up."

"God is very good," said the widow through her tears. "With Him all things are possible."

"I am making progress, mother," said the happy Ralph, when the two gentlemen had taken their departure. "Our days of hardship are ove[illegible]"

"I am blessed in my dear sons," the widow said. "How proud and happy your father would be were he living."

"In your sons, mother?" said Ralph, questioningly, as he thought of his curly-haired comforter.

"Oh, [illegible] my daughter. She, my [illegible] of the household."

CHAPTER IX.
ROBERT MERTON IN TROUBLE.

The first of February, owing to a change in the schedule of some of the mail trains entering Chicago, the time of the early delivery by the carriers was changed, and this brought the carrier who delivered the mails for Mills & Holcomb, to the store just [illegible] [illegible]rlier than he had previousl[illegible] [illegible]

Now, there was always among the firm's mail a number of registered letters that must be receipted for, and Mr. Mills said to Rober[illegible]:

"Neither Miss Cottel or I will be here when the early mail arrives, under thi[illegible] change. You may receipt for the registered packages and place them in the right hand drawer of my desk. I will be here an hour later, check them over, and you can deliver them where I direct."

The third morning after Mr. Mills had given Robert these instructions, and while he was sweeping out the office, the carrier entered.

"I have five registered packages for you to [illegible]ceipt for this morning, Rob," he said.

"All right, Mr. Giles," and he scrutinized the packages closely to see that the seals had not been broken and then receipted for them.

There were numerous letters aside from the registered mail.

"That one from Morgan Park appears thick and heavy enough," said the carrier, "to contain several hundred dollars; but there is no telling. These country grocers, I guess, receive mostly small bills. Th[illegible] have no banks and send registered cash. I[illegible] makes us lots of work."

Robert pulled out the drawer, deposited the mail within, and closed it.

The office boy was not the only one who heard the remark made by the carrier. A young man, standing just without the door, had noted every word. Nor was that all.

Ten minutes later when Mr. Holcomb called from the main office, "Robert, please take this package to the express office. It should have been sent last night," unobserved, this young man stole into the office and abstracted the letter from Morgan Park.

When Mr. Mills arrived, he went through his mail as usual. Of course he was unaware that any such letter as the one from Morgan Park had arrived, and Robert, not dreaming but that everything was as it should be, said nothing.

A week later, Mr. Chambers, the merchant from Morgan Park, was in the city and called at the store to make further purchases. He was told that there was yet three hundred and fifty dollars against him on the books.

"That can't be," he said. "I sent that amount by registered mail on the second. You should have received it on the morning of the third."

"Mr. Mills has not sent it up or reported it," said the bookkeeper. "I can't give you a check showing January's account paid until he does; and until I do you can't get credit. Come, we will go to Mr. Mills."

"That is strange," said that gentleman, when the matter was explained to him. "I have received no registered package from Morgan Park this month. You have your postmaster's receipt, I suppose?"

"Certainly." And Mr. Chambers soon produced it.

"Did you say a Morgan Park registered letter, Mr. Mills?" asked Robert, who was at the letter press.

"Yes; do you know anything of one?"

"I certainly receipted for one on the morning of the third," said Robert. "I remember the postman's saying, 'This Morgan Park letter is heavy enough and thick enough to contain several hundred dollars.' Oh, yes, I certainly receipted for it and placed it in your drawer with the others. I remember now that Mr. Holcomb called me to the main office and sent me to Adams' express, shortly after."

"Well, well, this is a strange matter. Ah, here is the carrier now. Mr. Giles, do you remember leaving a Morgan Park registered letter here on the morning of the third?"

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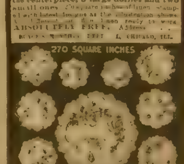

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Where the Blame Belonged

(Continued.)

"Yes, sir; clearly. This young man receipted for it. Wait a moment," and Giles turned back the pages of his receipt book. "Here you are," he said, presently. "February 3rd, 7 a. m., delivery—five registered packages, and from the following places: Evanston, Leroy, Pullman, Roseville, and Morgan Park. Each one separately receipted for by Robert Merton. You instructed me to deliver registered mail on his receipt."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Giles, that was quite right. Robert states that he receipted for that very letter."

"I trust there is nothing wrong."

"Wrong? Well—er—or, everything is all right, I presume, Mr. Giles. But, who, pray, was present in this office when that mail was delivered? I mean aside from Robert and yourself?"

"Not a soul, Mr. Mills. Miss Cottel was not here. Nor did I see anyone. I remember to have passed David Lane, the old office boy, near the door when I entered the room. I trust the letter has been mislaid and that it will soon be found."

The reader will find farther chapters of this highly interesting story in next week's Ledger issue. All subscribers are given free camera and free patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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A LUCKY MISTAKE.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

I taught Tommy Bu...'s the art of telegraphy, and obtained for him his first position, that of night operator at Sturgess. He held the position just twelve hours, then came back to me discharged, but happy. The reason for this was that Tommy, like some other people, valued his life more than he did a working position.

Viewed as an individual, Tommy was fairly capable. Considered as a beginner in railroad station work, he was approximately enough, but, as sometimes happens, the duties of his position apparently doubled the very hour that saw him attempt the work of the office. When he left his home station to take charge at Sturgess, I particularly admonished him to keep cool, for much in railroading depends on normal presence of mind, but, of course, a lad of eighteen cannot reasonably be expected to remain quite so much a master of himself as an older man, and Tommy, upon his introduction to the office at Sturgess, really met troubles enough to try a veteran.

After that things went lively with Tommy. The omnibus from the principal hotel brought a load of passengers. Among them were three "drummers," two of whom were of the exacting, hectoring sort, with a large quantity of excess baggage. Tommy weighed the trunks, which were huge and heavy, in order to determine the excess, and the drummers protested and tormented him with abuse while he made out the excess-slips.

Then in rushed a rain-wet wedding party, laughing and screaming like Homeric mice, and filling the waiting-room to suffocation.

The bridegroom was so excited that he hardly told where he was going, and was a long time fumbling about his clothes in quest of money with which to pay for the tickets, while the bride clung to his arm and laughed and squeaked, as she vainly tried to ward off the flying rice. During the uproar a gray old farmer and his wife pushed through the crowd to the ticket window. They were trying to Dutluh, and Tommy found it quite impossible to

"Like a creature suddenly smitten with madness."

allay their nervousness with sufficient information.

The confusion and the perplexing demands which him augmented his natural anxiety until his scalp prickled and his cheeks flushed with excitement. Tommy was half conscious that his mind was not working normally in the general confusion, and the near approach of the moment when the Eastern Mail was due quickened both the general clamor and his own nervousness. On account of the rain, the baggage, which filled two trucks, had necessarily to be left under cover until the last moment, and the young operator was wondering with alarm if he should be able to get it out of the way and receive the mail in time.

The Eastern Mail proved to be twelve minutes late and the waiting crowd piled Tommy with all sorts of annoying questions. At the moment when the mail was due by schedule, the despatcher called Tommy, and he flew to the key. The pay-car was coming up the valley with the directors' car attached; they were in a hurry, and the despatcher wished to report the passing point with the mail from Sumner, the first station east, to Sturgess.

Tommy's heart throbbed as he copied the instructions to hold the mail for orders. The noise in the waiting room was so great that the rumbling road the clicking instrument, and a dizzying sort of fear rose in his mind lest he should not receive the order correctly; besides, as there was so much else that needed his immediate attention, it seemed he could not wait. When he had repeated the order to the despatcher, the official "O. K." seemed to spurt from the sounder, it came so quick, and the despatcher began giving the pay-car at Sumner orders to run to Sturgess.

As Tommy endorsed the "O. K." on the hold order, two belated passengers began beating on the ticket window, demanding tickets and

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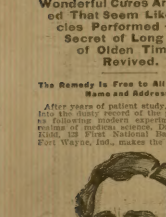

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A Lucky Mistake.

(Continued.)

checks for their trunks in the insistent rush of the moment. Yonnie is the fatal thing to forget to turn the hold-signal for the mail.

He was exceedingly busy throughout the next ten minutes with tickets and baggage, and when the mail rounded a curve with screaming whistle, and brought her string of glowing coaches croaking and hissing to the platform, his head was swimming in a sea of dizzy panic. There was hurried loading and unloading of baggage, a string of express packages from the car door into Tommy's arms, throwing of a mail-sack upon the wet platform, and the flinging of another into the mail-car, the laughter and scrambling aboard of passengers, a rumble of thunder up in the black sky; then the train creaked and heaved and drew away—prospectively to crash into the pay-car some two miles east of Sturgess.

Tommy, wet with perspiration and the failing rain, began picking up some fallen packages. As he rose his eye caught sight of the green light burning on the signal-box. It should be red—red!

Like a blinding flash the forgotten order rushed upon him. It staggered him as if it were a blow, and for an instant all the blood in his veins seemed to rise and boil and roar in his ears.

He whirled about, and express-bills and packages dropped from his hands as if they had stung him. The rear lights of the train were perhaps one hundred feet from the platform. Like a creature suddenly smitten with deafness he rushed after them, shouting shrilly. If he could only catch hold of the hand-rail and swing himself up and pull the bell-cord!

"O Father in Heaven! Father in Heaven, help me!" came gasping from his white lips as he ran.

But the train was running faster than he. Still, onward he tore along the ties, shouting and pleading. He tripped and fell prone upon his face, rose and slipped and staggered. But at that moment the world was suddenly wrapped in fire, and a shattering peal split it asunder, as if the earth had opened to its core. The Eastern Mail lurched wildly, there came a battering crash of drawing-bars, and a long string of coaches stopped.

Tommy screamed to his feet, for he had fallen with the electric shock. His hair seemed to crackle as with fire, and his whole body was tingling in his ears. Despite the strange happening, however, his mind did not loosen its grip on the paramount obligation—the necessity of signaling the train. Onward, as fast as his feet could carry him, he flew, leaped over the rear step, and rushed through the coaches shouting for the conductor. He found the blue-coated official reading a paper.

"The pay-car's coming from Sumner; I got orders for you to stop at the next station," said Tommy cried.

Jim Dwyer, the engineer, was getting up from the red deck, looking dazed and strange. The fireman hung pale and spot-streaked against the cab-window. Without looking up, the conductor himself seized the throttle-lever and put the train in motion again.

Dwyer crept weakly back upon his high seat and rubbed his forehead like one just waking from sleep.

"What happened Andy?" he said. "Where are we?"

"Lightning struck the wire and hit the engine—nothing else," said the conductor, turning back at the depot," said the conductor. "I'll run her into the station myself."

A cool kind of queer all over. Something seemed to hit me here at the back of my head, I think. Then I don't know nothing more," said Dwyer.

Tommy jumped off with them at the station and ran into the office. The telegraph table was splintered and thrown away from the wall. The instrument was torn apart and the portions of them were fused and melted. A great hole was burned in the floor. Had he been at the table getting the train's order, or reporting it, he would have met instant death. He stood looking at it with a marvel of good fortune.

The operator sitting at Tommy's white face with a softening light in his own, "I guess God must be taking care of blundering children like you," he said, in a husky voice. "Run along, Jim, how did you come to shut off steam?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the engineer, still rubbing his head. "I was all of the time in the lever, and I suppose the shock must have made me grip and jerk the lever, and that shut her off. The blow, at any rate, must have shut it off the steel."

Eight telegraph-poles were found to have been split and broken by the electricity seeking the ground where the great bolt fell upon the wires. Dwyer was not to be discharged for the point of greatest wreckage, and obviously the force of the engine had attracted the electric force.

Tommy brought the day operator to the station, and by patching a wire and attaching an old relay, they got the mail and pay-car through without much delay. Then Tommy went home discharged.

Afterward he went back to his father's store, and ultimately became a partner in the business. Twelve hours of railroading there he averred, were quite sufficient for him.—Youth's Companion.

Love Magic.

From time immemorial flowers have played an important part in love magic. Vervain was required to secure the love of those to whom it was administered, and the geranium seed had the same virtue. The leaves of the hemlock, dried and powdered and secretly mixed with the food or drink of the one whose affections were sought, were looked upon as a sovereign recipe. The root of the male fern and the fruit of the mandrake were likewise favorite ingredients in love philters, and a girl had only to place a four-leaved clover secretly in a man's shoe to win his love forever.

In Italy girls have a curious means of securing the affections of the man of their choice. A lizard is caught and drowned in wine. The body is then dried in the sun and reduced to powder. A little of this thrown over the obdurate man will secure his affections forever. Another love powder was thus prepared: Inside a frog in a certain crooked bone, which when cleaned and dried over the fire on St. John's eve, and then ground fine and given in food to the lover, will at once win his love for the administerer. With Slavonic damsels a favorite device for this purpose is secretly to let a few drops of their own blood run into the drink of their adored one.

Irish girls are small as a means of gleaning particulars of their future sweethearts. Rising before the down on May morning, they start out into the garden and meadows to capture the first small they have been told will be carefully taken home, placed upon a plate lightly sprinkled with flour and covered with a cabbage leaf. The spell was not complete until the sun had risen, when, on removing the leaf, the girl expected to find her lover's initial traced in the flour. If the snail was in his house she knew that the gentleman would be rich, but if the mollusk was out of his shell the reverse was foretold.

Full-Grown Ears.

"Pay for the boy? I thought children were admitted free."

"Yes. But look at the big ears he has."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Usually the newest thing in flannels is a baby.

Poets are born, but verse writers grow of their own accord.

Speaking of women and folding beds, a man can always get the better up.

The proofreader points out the typographical errors of the compositor's ways.

As Irishman says the apple that caused old Adam's fall grew before Eve's time, I feel.

It's often better to be the sole owner of a small dog than a stockholder in a large one.

Mistress—Would you like a new dress, Nora?

Cook—Sure!

Mistress—Then you can have that old blue silk of mine.

At the Hospital.

"To be sure," said the kindly minister to the man who had lost both his legs in a railway accident, "you have been seriously injured, but you must be grateful that your life is spared."

"Yes," said the sufferer, trying to look cheerful, "I won't kick."

His Alleged Views.

First City Man—How does Subbubs like that place of his?

Second City Man—Well, he has only one objection to malaria now—it isn't necessarily quickly fatal.

Her Real Sell.

Gustam—When did you get acquainted with your wife?

Gustav—About three months after I married her.

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Diamond Dick in Real Life.

"The notoriety of Tommy Wallace rests chiefly upon his theft of Toby Rosenthal's painting, 'Elaine,' while it was on exhibition in San Francisco, in March, 1875. With three confederates, two of whom have since died, while the third subsequently reformed and became a respected business man of New York state, Wallace got into the basement of the building in which the painting was being exhibited, and, cutting the canvas from its massive frame, rolled it up and escaped. Mrs. Johnson, the owner of the picture, offered a reward of $5,000 for its recovery. Wallace was suspected and when the police found the painting in a closet in the house where he lodged, Wallace fled to Oregon, where he made the mistake of smashing a show window in which a jarful of nickels was on display. For this he served five years at hard labor in the Oregon penitentiary.

Returning to San Francisco at the expiration of his term, Wallace one night broke into the home of a banker. The family had just returned from the theater and Wallace was standing in the lower hall when the banker and his wife suddenly appeared upon the landing above. Wallace might have escaped by dashing out of the front door, but this would have been an exhibition of weakness unworthy of the true burglar-such as he prided himself upon being. With rare coolness and presence of mind he awaited the couple, who, unconscious of his proximity, were descending the staircase. When the banker reached the hall, Wallace emerged from the shadow and confronted him.

"Who are you?" inquired the banker, in alarm.

"Silence!" said Wallace, in a low voice. 'There are burglars in the house. I am a detective in search of them.'

"My God!" shrieked the banker's wife, "we shall all be murdered!"

"Not while I am here to prevent it, madam," replied Wallace, with a bow worthy of Gentleman Dick. He paused a moment, then went to the door and opened it wide. 'Kindly stand on the porch,' he said, 'while I search the house. I will let you know when to enter.'

The banker and his wife obeyed the command, and in the next instant they stood shivering in the cold night air with the door locked behind them. Wallace entered the dining room and was ransacking the sideboard, when a servant burst shrieking into the chamber. Disgusted with this display of weakness, which threatened disaster, Wallace drew a revolver and promptly shot her. This silenced her, and taking up his booty, Wallace leisurely left the house. The banker and his wife, alarmed at the sound of the shot, implored him to tell what had happened. He answered that the burglars had made their escape after wounding the servant girl, who had foolishly attempted to stop them. Five years later Wallace was convicted of this crime and sentenced to San Quentin prison for twelve years.

"Wallace is a man of wonderful resources, which, had they been directed in proper channels, might have made him a success in almost any field of human endeavor. Combining remarkable courage with shrewdness, he has operated in most of the larger cities with signal success. With a voice soft as velvet, and highly engaging manners, it is no wonder that he once succeeded in winning the love of a wealthy widow of Minneapolis, whom he was on the point of marrying, when a meddling detective interfered by exposing him. Wallace is now doing time for an offense committed years ago. Like most criminals whose silvery hair and deeping wrinkles indicate that the period of their usefulness is nearly ended, he says he will reform if the police will agree to let him alone."

Every man may have his own price, but the market is apt to be overstocked.

The New Cruiser.

"Who is to be captain of the new cruiser Cleveland?"

"I dunno. His name ought to be Robinson."

"Why?"

"Ha, ha! Because he could handle the crew-so easily."

"Great guns! Say, I'd be sorry for the enemy if it ever heard that crack."

"Yes, I'd be sorry for De Foe myself."

His Preference.

"Sportleigh is bound to be in style, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes! He'd rather be in style than out of debt!"

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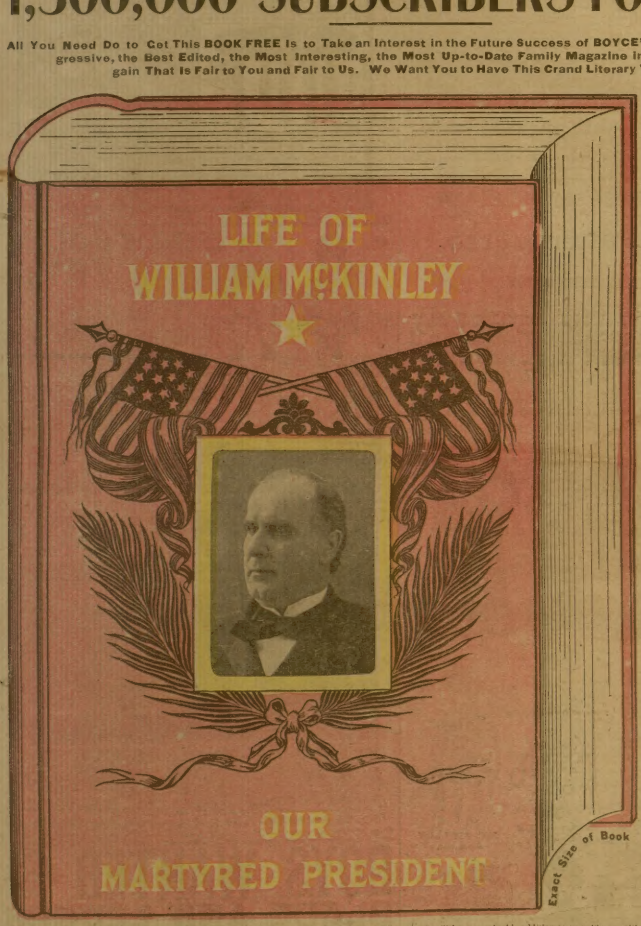

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